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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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Our Christmas Supplement.

ON Saturday, December 24, will be published a CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT to HARPER'S WEEKLY, being A CHRISTMAS TALE, entitled

THE HAUNTED HOUSE,

TO WIT:

The Mortals in the House,
BY CHARLES DICKENS.
The Ghost in the Clock Room,
BY MISS HESBA STRETTON.
The Ghost in the Double Room,
BY SALA.
The Ghost in the Picture Room,
BY MISS A. PROCTER.
The Ghost in the Cupboard Room,
BY WILKIE COLLINS.
The Ghost in Master B.'s Room,
BY CHARLES DICKENS
The Ghost in the Garden Room,
BY MRS. GASKELL.
The Ghost in the Corner Room,
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HESTER PRATT'S NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY was a double anniversary to Hester Pratt. On that day, fifty years before, she had come into the world. A solitary half century it was to look back upon—for Hester was an old maid. Thirty years before she had been betrothed to Herbert Gordon, but he had proved false to his plighted faith, and the day that was to have witnessed her bridal saw him wedded to another. That day closed the heart and hardened the nature of Hester Pratt. Her manners became frosty and forbidding, and the name of old maid, which clung to her, became even more repulsive from the connection.

Within the space of three years Hester's sister and parents died, and she was left alone at thirty—alone in the house which had belonged to the family for three generations. She was advised to relieve her solitary state by admitting another family, but this she declined to do, evidently preferring solitude to society.

Twenty years passed, and in passing did not fail to leave their imprint on Hester Pratt. Her face became sharper, and her hair became more and more plentifully sprinkled with gray; yet her step was apparently as firm as ever, and her movements as decided. She had sufficient property, and more than sufficient, for her small requirements, and every year saw something added to her account in the village bank. Her savings were not likely to be diminished by charitable offerings. She had closed up the avenues to pity; and hardy must be the beggar who should ask alms of her a second time.

It was New-Year's morning—a cold, frosty morning.

On that morning Hester Pratt had baked a loaf of cake—a rich fruit cake—with which she intended to regale herself at tea. Not that she cared so much for the cake, but her mother had always been wont to do the same on that occasion, and Hester kept up the old practice.

Having baked the cake, she drew it from the oven, steaming hot as it was, and carried it out into the shed to cool.

With commendable care she shut up her solitary companion, an iron-gray cat, in the kitchen, fearing that the cake might otherwise present a temptation too strong for the cat's principles to withstand.

Meanwhile she busied herself in preparing for the oven the chicken which was to furnish forth her New-Year's dinner. This, too, was an old custom of her mother's. The chicken was nearly ready for roasting, when the sharp ears of Hester detected a slight noise in the wood-shed, which immediately adjoined the kitchen.

She advanced hastily to the door, and threw it open.

Could she believe her eyes? Could human depravity reach such an astonishing height, or rather depth? There, almost paralyzed with astonishment, she beheld a boy in the act of carrying off her favorite New-Year's cake.

Her momentary surprise over, she proceeded to act with energy.

Striding up to the delinquent, who had stopped short in consternation, she seized him by the collar of his jacket, and shook him vigorously, exclaiming, in angry tones,

"I've caught you, you little rascal—have I? Now tell me why you were going to steal my cake?"

The boy hesitated for a moment, and seemed undecided how to act.

"Tell me instantly, before I hand you over to the constable," repeated Hester, with another shake, while with her free hand she snatched from the boy the cake which he had appropriated.

"I was very hungry," said he, in a low voice.

"Hungry! I dare say," sneered Hester. "I guess if this had been a loaf of bread instead of cake you wouldn't have been troubled in that way."

"I would rather have bread," said the boy.

"You would!" exclaimed Hester, astonished.

"Besides, I wanted to carry it to little Bessie."

"Who is little Bessie?" inquired Hester, with something of curiosity in her manner.

"She is my sister, and she is blind."

Hester looked attentively at the boy. In spite of her hardness, there was something in this allusion which touched her.

The boy was apparently about eleven years of age. He was a handsome boy, or would have been, if his pinched face had not spoken so eloquently of privation. His clothing was quite insufficient for that inclement day, and his hands were fairly red with the cold. Now Hester's prejudices were all against him. Her theory in regard to boys was that they were unmitigated nuisances—that they were a class of young vagabonds who took a malicious pleasure in lying, thieving, and kindred vices—and she had hitherto waged an uncompromising warfare against them.

Yet there was an indefinable something about this boy—something in his expression—which softened her against her will. Scarcely knowing how to proceed, she began to question him.

"Do you live in this village? I never saw you before."

"I never was here before this morning, ma'am."

"You don't find it convenient to stop long in the same place," said Hester, sarcastically, thinking of her cake.

Apparently the boy understood the allusion; for he said, earnestly:

"Indeed, ma'am, I wouldn't have taken the cake if we hadn't been so hungry, Bessie and I."

"Bessie? You've spoken of her before. How do I know but it's a story you are making up, just to get off?" said Hester, hardening herself.

"I would show her to you, ma'am, if—if—"

"If what?" interrupted Hester, sharply.

"I was thinking you wouldn't want to go where she is, and you might think if I offered to bring her that I was only trying to get away."

"He's sharper than I thought for," passed through Hester's mind. "And where is your sister?" she asked, aloud.

"I left her in the barn over there," said the boy, pointing across the fields.

"Is she older than you?" asked Hester.

"No, she is two years younger," was the reply.

"You might be in better business than *trapesing* about the country stealing cake," said Hester Pratt, in an uncompromising tone. "Why don't you stay at home with your parents?"

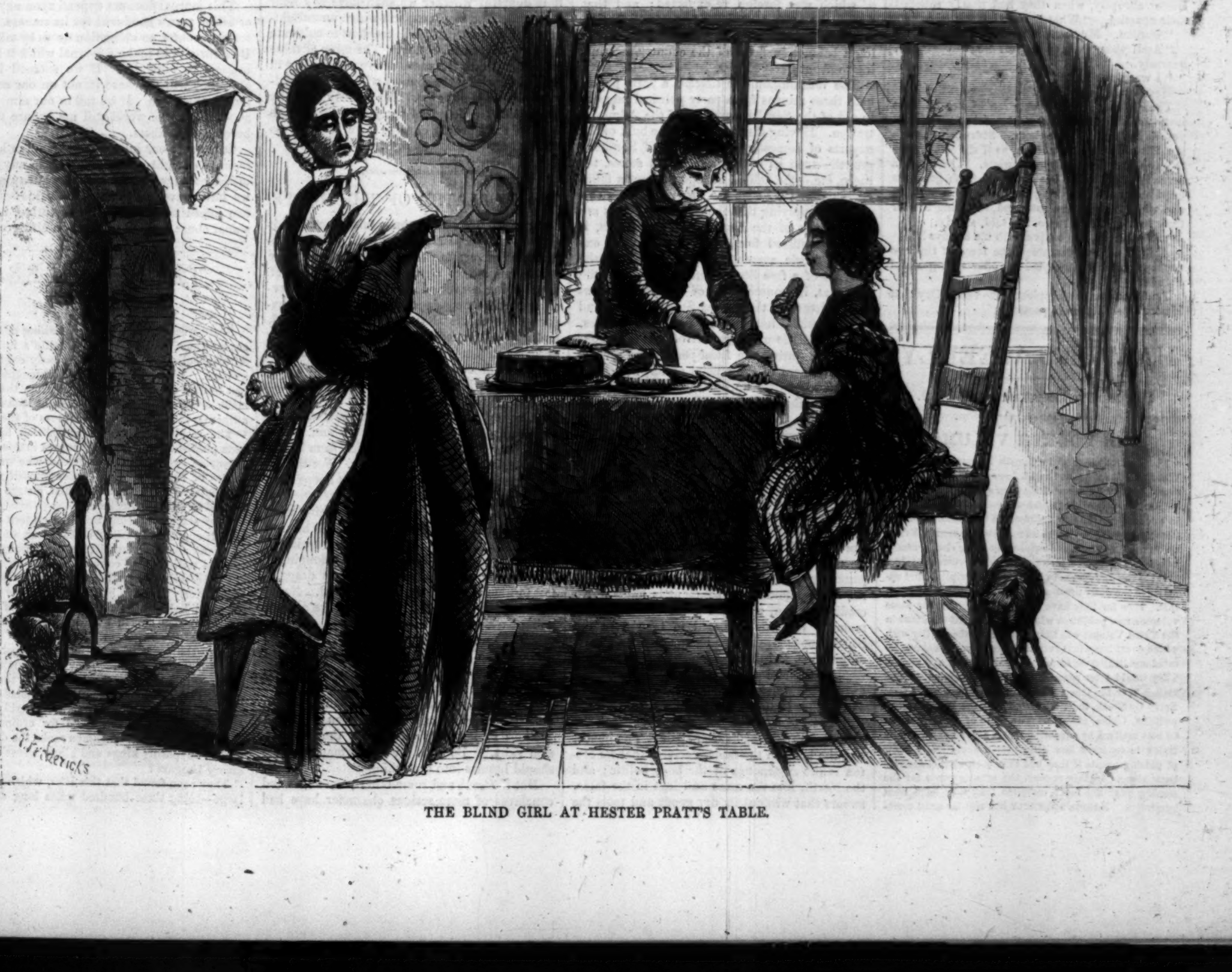
"They are both dead," said the boy, sadly.

"Dead!" exclaimed Hester, half-sympathetically. She remembered her own grief when her father and mother had died, and left her alone in the world.

"Yes, ma'am. They died six months ago."

"Where?"

"In the city."



THE BLIND GIRL AT HESTER PRATT'S TABLE.

"And why didn't you go to some of your uncles or aunts?"

"We had none."

"What! had no relations of any kind?"

"None very near."

"And so you've been cruising round the country ever since, have you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Getting your living by stealing, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am," said the boy, blushing.

"How, then?"

"Sometimes people would be kind enough to give us a little something, and we didn't need much. But this morning I have been to two or three places, and they told me they didn't believe my story, and so, as I came through your yard, I happened to see the cake in the shed, and I thought of how hungry Bessie was, and I didn't dare to ask, for fear you might refuse, and so—"

"So you stole it?"

"Yes," said the boy, in confusion.

What was Hester to do?

She more than half believed the boy's story, and yet her distrust of human nature would intrude.

She must have ocular proof of his truth and then—well, then she would decide what to do.

"Sit down in that chair," said she, "and I will get my things, and go over to the barn with you, and see if your story is correct."

"Will you?" exclaimed the boy, joyfully.

"He doesn't seem to be afraid for the result," thought Hester.

In two minutes she was ready to go.

They took their way across the fields. There was no path, but the upper surface of the snow was frozen stiff, so that there was no danger of falling through. Hester kept firm hold of the boy's arm, with the lurking suspicion that he might yet elude her in some way.

So they reached the barn.

It was in the middle of a large field, and, contrary to the usual custom in the country, at quite a distance from any house.

The boy went to the door and called, "Bessie!"

"Where are you, brother?" said a sweet, childish voice.

He went into the barn, and led out a beautiful little girl of nine, with a sweet expression, but eyes, alas! forever closed to the bright sunshine and the fair world.

"Have you brought any bread?" asked the little girl. "I am so hungry."

"No, Bessie," said the boy; but he quickly added, "I have brought a lady who was kind enough to come with me to see you."

"Where is she?" asked Bessie, stretching out her hand.

And Hester Pratt, more moved than she had been for many years, put forth her own hand to meet the hand of little Bessie, and she said, more kindly than was her wont, "I am sorry you are so hungry, child. If you will come to my house, you and your brother shall have something to eat."

"Let us go at once, Herbert," said Bessie.

"We are much obliged to you," said the boy, grateful for a kindness which Hester Pratt's previous manner had not led him to anticipate.

They were soon at the house, and Hester brought forth a plentiful supply of bread and butter, together with an apple-pie. It need hardly be said that the children did ample justice to what was set before them.

"Didn't your sister call you Herbert?" asked Hester abruptly, when they had nearly satisfied their appetite. "What is your last name?"

"Gordon. My name is Herbert Gordon."

"And your father's name?" asked Hester, hoarsely.

"I was named after him."

Hester rose, and paced the floor excitedly.

These, then, were the children of her faithless lover—of him who had embittered her life. And yet she could not dislike them. Strangely enough she felt a yearning for them, as if she would like to have them live with her always. There was a fierce struggle in her heart, but the fresh, generous impulses that had so long been stifled, burst forth, and when the children rose, and, thanking her for their lunch, offered to go, she said, slowly,

"Would you like to live with me always?"

A flush of joy overspread the faces of the two orphans, and they accepted her offer with grateful thanks.

And that was the happiest New-Year's Day that Hester Pratt had ever passed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

OUR FOURTH VOLUME.

The First Number of the Fourth Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY will appear on the 4th January, 1860. This year over 4,500,000 Numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will have been sold, nearly half of which will be bound for reference. In commencing the new volume, the proprietors desire to state that it has been their aim to render HARPER'S WEEKLY, in the first place, and before any thing else, a FIRST-CLASS NEWSPAPER—a pictorial history of current events, equal to the daily press in fullness of description, and superior to the daily press as combining illustrations with text. How far they have attained their aim, the three volumes now published will show. The Illustrations in the Third Volume will bear evidence to the fidelity with which every important event of the past year has been related and illustrated in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY. They would refer especially, in this connection, to The Italian War, the Great Eastern Steamship, the Harper's Ferry Outbreak, the Utah Expedition, the Paraguay Expedition, China, etc., etc. The value of the paper can be best realized by supposing that it did not exist, and by trying to conceive how little people would really know of passing events if they had to rely on written descriptions alone. In this respect, the arrangements for the coming year are more complete than they have been heretofore. HARPER'S WEEKLY has regular artist correspondents in almost every quarter of the globe, and commands the pencil of the first artists at home. It will moreover, in order to present its readers with a complete illustrated history of our age, continue to transfer to its pages the best and most generally interesting pictures from foreign illustrated journals. In a word, the subscriber to HARPER'S WEEKLY may rely on finding in its pages next year an accurate, well-drawn, well-engraved, and well-printed picture of every memorable event which occurs, and a portrait of every man who attracts the general attention of the people of this country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue, as heretofore, to publish the best tales that are written by native and foreign authors. It has already published *A Tale of Two Cities*, by CHARLES DICKENS (with original illustrations drawn for HARPER'S WEEKLY); *What will he do with it?* by SIR E. LYTTON BULWER; *The Dead Secret*, by WILKIE COLLINS; *Lois the Witch*, by MRS. GASKELL; *A Good Fight*, by CHARLES READE: it is now publishing *Trumps*, by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, and *The Woman in White*, by WILKIE COLLINS. On, or before the conclusion of these tales, others of equal merit will be commenced, it being the intention of the publishers to secure every work of undoubted excellence that is written here or abroad. It is hardly necessary to add, that the foreign serials which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY are purchased from their authors by the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who, in many instances, give for a mere right of priority what amounts to a handsome copyright to the author.

In addition to serials, each number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will contain a short complete tale by a native or foreign author. In respect to these tales, as with the serials, the publishers will publish the best that they can obtain, without regarding their origin.

The other departments of HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue to receive careful attention at the hands of the publishers.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
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⁂ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
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THE TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES FOR 1858–'59.

MR. SECRETARY COBB has permitted the Washington *Constitution* to publish advance returns of the foreign commerce of the United States for the year 1858–'59—the last fiscal year, ending 30th June last. The tables from which these returns have been made have not yet been made public. They show, in brief, that, during the twelve months ending 30th June last, the United States exported produce amounting to $355,894,385, $20,000,000 of which was foreign re-exported; and that during the same period the imports of foreign merchandise amounted to $338,000,000, showing a balance in favor of the country amounting to about $18,000,000.

The Washington *Constitution*, a party paper, used these returns for a party political purpose in aid of the Southern friends of the Administration. Having discovered that the bulk of the exports of domestic produce were of Southern growth—such as cotton, rice, naval stores, tobacco, etc.—the official newspaper drew a fallacious parallel between the products of the two sections, implying that the Southern States are the support of the Northern. To do this, it willfully omitted from its comparison the export of specie amounting to $57,502,305—the produce of a free State; and it concealed the fact that, in consequence of the poor harvest of breadstuffs in the United States in 1858, and the bountiful harvests of foreign countries, there was little or no export of wheat or flour to Europe during the fiscal year under review. The argument of the official editor, moreover, showed his entire unconsciousness of the fact that, notwithstanding the large growth of produce in the South, the Southern demand for Northern commodities still keeps the balance even between North and South. While the South grows cotton, tobacco, rice, etc., the North makes cloth, cottons, tools, steam-engines, and the like; each serves the other: while the Southern export of $250,000,000 of produce pays off Northern debts to a like amount, the North supplies the South with $250,000,000 worth of its manufactures. For every bale of cotton, or package of tobacco or rice sent from the South, immediate payment is made. No credit is given, no grace granted. If at any moment the South ceased to take from the North goods equivalent in value to its export of produce, Southern exchange on the North would fall, and specie would flow Southward until every Northern bank were broken.

The fact is, this commercial quarrel between North and South is the old dispute between the belly and the members over again. The South, like the belly in the fable, declares that *its* cotton is the sustenance of the body politic; and the North, like the arms and legs in the fable, swears that without *its* dry goods and tools the South could not grow any thing. It is a childish dispute—only worthy of miserable party political organs.

The growth and export of cotton are indeed subjects worthy of profound reflection. We exported last fiscal year $161,434,000 of the staple. This fiscal year—1859–'60—our export of cotton will probably exceed $180,000,000. The crop is larger, the price high. Half a century since we did not export $1,000,000 worth of cotton in a year. If we had not increased our export we could not have imported foreign goods as we have done, and there could have been no great marts of foreign trade such as the city of New York. If, now, from civil war, or a servile insurrection, or unfavorable weather, or a general commotion in Europe, our export of cotton were to cease, our imports of foreign goods would decline in proportion, and grass would grow in the streets of New York and other sea-ports. This is the consummation toward which the protectionist theories tend. They object to foreign commerce, and, forgetful of the immutable principle that progress increases with the division and subdivision of employments, would have us proclaim our independence of foreign countries by manufacturing every thing we need, and dispensing with foreign trade. Whether the country at large would be a gainer by the ruin of the South, of New York, of Boston, of Philadelphia, of Baltimore, etc., etc., etc., our readers can decide for themselves. An enlightened public will probably hold that the more extensive our interchange of commodities with the world, the more active our life will be, and, consequently, the more wholesome.

Our export of breadstuffs during the fiscal year 1858–'59 was small. We have reviewed the subject in these columns more than once, and shown the causes of the phenomenon. This year (*i. e.*, 1859–'60) our export of breadstuffs will be large. We are now shipping every week from this port alone some 150,000 or 200,000 bushels of wheat (in wheat and flour). The shipments of corn next spring will be very large; so also will be the shipments of provisions. With regard to wheat it is still doubtful whether, in the long-run, it can be classed among the staple exports of the United States. It is very doubtful whether, even with the best of harvests, the United States grow much more wheat than they require for their own consumption. It is certain that even a moderate export demand—leading to shipments of 20,000,000 or 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, in the twelvemonth, to Great Britain—causes an advance in the price here which imposes a heavy tax on consumers. Every dollar taken from England for wheat costs wheat consumers here from $2 to $4.

We look, in the future—presuming that no political catastrophe occurs—to increased shipments of cotton and specie, and rather diminished shipments of wheat. Our miscellaneous exports, including manufactures, are sure to increase; but as population and prosperity spread, it is doubtful whether we shall have any flour to spare. The staple exports which an enlightened political economy will teach us to cultivate are gold, silver, and cotton. The more of these we send abroad, the more active our trade will be, and the richer the country will grow: breadstuffs we need at home. No country is really independent which does not grow food enough to supply its people cheaply: we can not do this and feed Europe as well.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE HOOPS.

AT last, after ever so many false alarms, it is certain that hoops are going out. The manufacturers are ceasing to make them; and those prodigious stories about thousands of tons of metal being converted into skirt supporters every few weeks are going to disappear from the papers. The jobbers who were prudent and careful, and who consequently had always a large stock of hoops on hand, and contracts to receive more by the hundreds of dozens, are in despair at the catastrophe which threatens to leave them with an enormous dead stock on their shelves. A lady, young, beautiful, and *distinguée*, was seen to walk up Broadway last week without hoops. People stared, of course; the men from honest surprise, but the ladies from envy. For the fiat has gone forth from Compiègne that hoops shall no longer be worn.

Not unto us doth it belong to decide what shall replace the famous structures. What son of man can pretend to fathom the mysteries of the female skirt, and its inscrutable belongings? But we are assured that the ancient draggle-tail fashion is not likely to be restored. Napoleon may be sent to St. Helena, but we are not going back to the Bourbons just yet. An intelligent manufacturer states that a compromise between the hoop and ancient nameless contrivances has been devised, which will possess the undoubted advantage of the hoop in relieving the female figure of the undue weight it used to bear, and will not be open to the objections so loudly urged against the "expansion skirt." Be it so; what is man, that he should inquire into such things?

But if *Punch* and some other personages and conclaves of more serious character have had their jokes, and pronounced their anathemas upon hoops while they were in their heyday, it will surely be permitted to us, as sincere friends of beauty and health, to drop a parting tear on those doomed garments. Now that men's eyes are used to them, they are universally pronounced graceful, and the ladies say that they are comfortable. The doctors testify that spinal disease has become an unprofitable branch of practice since they came in; though, to tell the truth, colds and consumption have increased. It is unfair, however, to make the hoop fashion responsible for the willful obstinacy of ladies in not wearing warm clothing. They were the cause of some deaths by fire; we doubt, however, whether accidents of this character were not as common before hoops were invented as since. As to other objections which have been made against them, they have generally proceeded from coarse-minded bachelors, who ought to have lived in Sparta, and been whipped round the market-place every New-year's day by a select band of youths and maidens. On summing up the record, we are bound to say that the balance is in favor of hoops; and that the last hoop ought to be solemnly buried, in some decent cemetery, with an inscription stating that "This elegant, comfortable, and convenient article of female dress, after a brief but brilliant career, was sacrificed, in the year of grace 1860, to the inexorable and senseless god Fashion, and was here buried, deeply lamented by a circle of friends coextensive with the civilized world."

OUR POLITICS.

WE notice that the Richmond *Enquirer* calls *Harper's Weekly* "an abolitionist journal;" while, at the other end of the country, a Young Men's Christian Association at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, propose to strike *Harper's Weekly* from their list of periodicals on account of "its shameful cuts and still more malicious articles on the cause of freedom," as connected with the John Brown affair. We beg to refer the Editor of the Richmond *Enquirer* to the Young Men's Christian Association of Milwaukie. A little conversation and interchange of views with the gentlemen of that body would seemingly tend to his instruction.

As to the proposal of the Milwaukie Association to exclude this journal from their rooms, that is their business, not ours. We beg to assure them that we shall not be inconvenienced by the proceeding; and, if it will afford them any gratification, we hope they will do so without delay. So far as pecuniary considerations are concerned, it always benefits a journal to be excluded from the rooms of such associations; for when that has been done, each member buys it for himself instead of reading the association copy. If, therefore, our Milwaukie friends can persuade not only their own but all the other similar associations in their section to exclude *Harper's Weekly* from their rooms, our Western sales will be largely increased.

This journal does not depend upon any man's or set of men's good-will for its success. Subscribers confer no obligation on us by taking it. It is our aim to make a journal which it is their interest to purchase. If we succeed in that aim, they will purchase it, not on our account, but on their own. If we fail in our aim, all the good-will in the world will not induce them to become subscribers.

It is never our intention to offend or hurt the feelings of right-minded persons in any section of the country; and we think we may say that we have never done so. With this belief, we can afford not to be much disturbed by occasional abuse from extremists on either side.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NILE.

SOME weeks since we were speaking of the Nile explorations, and of M. du Chaillu's interesting African collection, which every body ought to go and see. We mentioned that Lieutenant Burton had headed an expedition inland from the eastern shore, and that before long we might look for some authentic intelligence of the sources of the Nile.

The results of Burton's expedition have just been published in a series of papers in *Blackwood's Magazine*, by Captain J. H. Speke, who was an assistant of Burton's. The leader himself was, unfortunately, so ill that the chief charge was intrusted to Captain Speke.

They started in June from the eastern coast, at a point opposite the island of Zanzibar, and marched inland about six hundred miles, through a fertile and well-peopled country. They passed various tribes—some very industrious in various ways, some utterly filthy in habits; and on the shore of the great Lake Tanganyika they heard of a cannibal tribe, such as Du Chaillu saw upon the western side of the continent.

Here the expedition paused, and poor Burton was obliged to remain. They fared sumptuously, and maintained pleasant relations with the people, except that on one occasion they offended the Sultan by turning his wives rather roughly out of camp, having mistaken them for ordinary beggars. How could Englishmen make the droll mistake of supposing kings and kings' wives to be *ordinary* beggars?

They soon found that this lake, which was very large—being three hundred miles long and forty broad—was not the nurse of the Nile; and hearing from the natives of another lake, which they called simply Nyanza, or the Lake, it was resolved to push on. The Arab traders who go to the shores of this lake to deal with the natives in ivory, hear from them that on the northeasterly parts there are large craft, holding forty or fifty men; that there are several large rivers connected with it, one of which, at least, probably flows to the sea; and one merchant spoke of a tribe called Bari living upon one of those rivers, and the tribe Bari has been visited by Knoblecher, Werne, and other explorers. Dr. Beke has computed the source of the Nile where Captain Speke has calculated the Nyanza's southern extremity, in the second degree of south latitude.

On the 9th of July Captain Speke started with six weeks' supply, and, after a very entertaining journey, on the 3d of August they saw the blue line of the Lake. The march had been so delayed, and the stock of beads and cloth was so low, that Speke could remain for three days only. This seems really unpardonable. That an expedition which was evidently so near settling that the source was not in the Lake—even if it settled nothing more—should stay upon its shores only three days, is melancholy. With such profusion of provision as they had at Lake Tanganyika, they surely might have taken at least three months' supply. It is only the more tantalizing that every thing observed by Captain Speke confirmed his theory.

It can not be very long before the great question is decided, if it be only two months' travel from the sea-coast to the Lake; and the English Royal Geographical Society, which authorized the expedition, will hardly suffer the Lake to remain unexplored.

REPORTING.

"Dear Lounger,—I wish to ask, respectfully, if you have ever been the unhappy subject of a report.' Did you ever make a speech, or deliver an oration, or address, or lecture, which was reported?' And if so, permit me to inquire how you felt when you saw it; and what you think of the whole business.

"Yours, Cicero Jones."

The Lounger presents his compliments to Mr. Cicero Jones, and begs to reply that he has been such a subject, and that he felt as a man does who sees his face reflected upon the surface of a severely convex tea-pot of Britannia ware. Such an unfortunate beholds his face utterly dislocated and distorted, and shudders to think that some admirer of his may also catch a glimpse of the libel.

A phonographic report is now so skillfully done that a speaker finds his very words, blunders and all, as accurately reproduced as the crow's-feet around his eyes by a faithful mirror. But a synopsis, an abstract, a reporter's idea of what a speaker meant to say, or even did say, is a very different thing. It is so easy not to hear, or to hear incorrectly; to give an illustration as an argument, or to miss entirely the purport of a sarcasm or a witticism. A clergyman was lecturing in Philadelphia, and in the warmth and height of his oration shouted, "And God said my thunder shall smite them," and several listeners rose and left the hall with an air of horror. The speaker, upon inquiry, learned that he had been understood to say, "And God said, *by* thundor," etc.

In the same way the reporter is very apt to hear upon a theory. He presupposes that the speaker is going to say certain things, and if any thing is said resembling them down they go into print as said. It is amusing to reflect how many speakers in this country suffer in general estimation for saying what they never said or thought of saying. Mr. Everett avoids this mischance by always carefully furnishing either a copy of his speech, or an abstract prepared by himself. A listener can only make an abstract after a very careful hearing and meditation of the whole discourse. This is a task to which few reporters care to address themselves. They pick out the plums. They remember where the laugh comes in; and they serve up to their readers the fruit and sauce, but no pudding.

Lately a Lyceum lecturer was speaking at length of lawyers: the dangers and temptations of the profession, and its current, social estimation. Among other things he said that a wise lawyer held his tongue and spoke only when a word would tell, however much he might be driven: that, in fact, like Balaam's ass, he was a shrewd fellow. Thereupon a newspaper, which did not approve of the general sentiments of the speaker, said the next morning that "the Honorable Cicero Jones (for instance) delivered a lecture last evening in which he said that lawyers were like Balaam's ass."

However, the Honorable Cicero need not be troubled. How many people read the report?—that is the question. The only serious difficulty is when a full phonographic report is made, and the lecture is to be immediately redelivered in the vicinity. If it be the lecture of a man who usually has something to say, it will be read, and the reader, having had the whole, will feel differently about hearing it again from one who has been only stimulated by the good things he has seen.

Undoubtedly the more comfortable and convenient plan, both for the speaker and the paper, is to do what Mr. Everett does, and prepare an abstract. How the reporters would thank him!

STYLE.

Since the death of Irving, his exquisite style has been the theme of constant praise. One critic calls it as perfect as Addison's, and every body who is familiar with Irving's writings knows their singular charm of style. The old proverb that the style is the man, is true enough, because, strictly speaking, every outward manifestation of the man is his style. A man's manner, conduct, way of speaking, and moving, are all his style. If he be simple, they are so. If he be affected or grotesque, they are so also. But sincerity is not always plainness. A man exquisitely dressed may be quite as simple as George Fox in his leather suit.

So in literature there is no special style which can be selected as the only good one, or the only simple one. Every style which justly illustrates the author's mind is a good and natural style, although it may be gorgeously decorated. The Gothic architecture is as natural as the Greek although so much more elaborate. Addison's is not an ideal English style. That is to say, it is not the kind of style in which every man ought to try to write. Old Dr. Johnson has a famous passage in which he invites every body who would write good English to give his days and nights to Addison. How fond the Doctor was of taking his own pills may be seen clearly enough in the fact that his own style is, in every particular, the reverse of Addison's. It is pompous, sonorous, conscious, and Latinized.

Addison was a man of a great sense of propriety rather than of great genius. An accomplished scholar, a brilliant talker, a man of affairs, and full of worldly prudence, he had a cautious, thoughtfully humorous temperament, and he shot the fluttering follies of the town with a spear of crystal barb; or he lingered, pensive, among the monuments of Westminster, and maintained a cheerful, but not ascetic faith, in decency, both of life and literature, at a time when decency was out of fashion.

Addison's style is eminently the man. It is the simplicity of perfect good breeding and freedom from diffidence. But Goldsmith's, which outwardly resembles it, is sweeter and more humane. It is the simplicity of nature in Goldsmith, and of art in Addison. The Irishman is glowingly graceful and limpid. The Englishman is clear also, and graceful, but he is cold.

It is a dangerous mistake, therefore, to commend any individual style as good for every body. Suppose Charles Lamb, or John Ruskin, or Thomas Carlyle had tried to write like Addison. Suppose, in Germany, Richter had conformed himself to the style of Lessing. Irving's style is exquisite because it is his own. It is a combination of the charms of Goldsmith and Addison; having the taste and propriety of the one, with the genial tenderness of the other. He says himself that if he have any excellence as an author he owes it to Goldsmith. His first essays show that he was early loyal to the influences of the best English belle-lettre spirit. The Salmagundi is a study in that style. But the nerve and individuality of his power revealed themselves in the Knickerbocker History.

Abstractly, however, his style is no finer than Hawthorne's or Emerson's. The lily and the violet are lovely flowers; but who would have his garden all violets and lilies? The true effort of a writer should be, not to write as somebody else has written, but to say what he has to say in the manner which is most characteristic—or, in other words, the manner which is natural to him. One can not very well fancy Mr. Everett speaking like Mr. Choate, or Mr. Choate like Everett. Of course study, reflection, criticism, will help in style as they do in every expression. But to follow any model is simply to propose to imitate, and conscious imitation is always imbecile.

One point, of course, must be remembered. All that is implied here is this—that a genuine literary talent forms its characteristic expression, which is the simplest for it. If you haven't the talent—ah! that is another thing. Try to write as simply as you can—to say your say in the clearest and most incisive manner. But remember that Milton, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Jeremy Taylor, Defoe, Fielding, Lamb, Gibbon, Macaulay, Carlyle, Wilson, and Irving, all did the same thing, and that the result is as different as the men.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

They sit beside her bed—
The patient watchers, racked by doubts and fears;
Or move, with noiseless tread,
To hush their sighs, or hide their falling tears.

—While her hot brow is fanned
By the poor mother through the livelong night,
The father, with his hand,
Shades from her sensitive eyes the cruel light.

The bracelet and the pin
Are thrown aside, which once she proudly wore;
And from her fingers thin
Have slipped the rings that shall be worn no more.

Death soon will change the scene:
A little while, and weeping o'er a mound
Of slowly-deepening green,
The stricken watchers will again be found.

Washington City. R. S. C.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—P. P. All manuscripts sent to the Publishers are carefully considered.

—Several correspondents reply to "A. Phoole" that he will find the lines in Young's Night Thoughts, Night first:

"Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift *on his* downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear."

—The Utile cum Dulce Society is politely informed that the address of Mrs., or Mistress, was often used in this country, and is now in England, as a mark of respect to elderly unmarried women. *Mrs.* Hannah More and *Mrs.* Joanna Baillie are cases in point.

—J. C. H. There is but one kind of ailanthus-tree common in this country. Both the male and female grow in New York. The seed pods are on the female tree. They are of a reddish hue. The male blossoms whitish. Downing praised the tree for its rapid growth, but it has fallen out of favor now from its suckering and the offensive odor of the flowers. Mr. Sargent, the editor of Downing's *Landscape Gardening*, who brings rural art down to this day, praises the Paulownia, also a Japan tree, as a substitute for the ailanthus.

—"My False Friend" is respectfully declined.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

We have received the following letter, which we print *verbatim et literatim:*

M—— georgia
the 26 november 1859

Mister harper
dear Sir

I see from The nuspaps That thar hav bin a considrible Disturbence at your ferry i woud be ablige ef you woud give me all The cercumstance conected with the Disterbence if you cant get out your maggazeen and nuspaper regular as you is acustomd to get it out plese scratch my name offen your book

I forgot to say that i payed you in advance plese tel me wether the Brige over your fery is thar so a boddy can Get across it if i want to as i understand thar is a Brige thar in our sextion we hav flats to cross Ferrys in and niggers to pull them across witch we hav to Pay a quarter Plese excus bad spelin as i aint mutch of a Scholar yours respectfully

Mr. Phibbs is an excessively fastidious man; so much so is Phibbs that he doesn't even take his oysters promiscuously about town. "For d'ye see, my boy," says Phibbs, "there's no calculating on these promiscuous oysters; they may be a manufactured article." With this always in sight, Phibbs goes to Delmonico's. "Half a dozen raw on a plate." He notices, just as he has downed his number one, that a corpulent Dutchman stood beside him, sorrowfully surveying a single oyster on the plate before him. The moment that Phibbs swallowed his first, the expression of the Dutchman's face changed from sorrow to joy.

"Ah! mein Gott, you schawllow him whole? Eh!" says Meinherr.

"Of course," says Phibbs.

"And you can schawllow him whole, too," pointing with his fork to the lone oyster that lay on the plate before him.

"Certainly I can," says Phibbs, and, suiting the action to the word, the oyster was on his fork, and in a moment "schawllowed."

"Oh! mein Gott, dat is wonderful, won-der-ful! I never did see! I have try to schawllow him, two, tree time—every time I spit him back."

Phibbs has been quite unwell ever since.

A very Northwestern reader writes an amusing story of Bill Williams, who gets the money he spends for whisky by doing odd jobs here and there as he can find them. Elder Green wanted him one day, and Bill, coming just before dinner-time, was furnished in the kitchen with some cold boiled pork and cabbage. Bill sat down to his repast at the very moment when the elder, with his guests, sat down to their sumptuous dinner in the dining-room. The elder proceeded to ask a blessing, which Bill detected. Dropping his knife and fork, he waited reverentially for the finale, when he called out to the elder,

"Elder Green! Elder Green!"

"What do you want, Mr. Williams?"

"Will you be good enough to give mine a little sleighty running over?"

One of our venerable religious papers—the *Christian Advocate*—states, as a fact, that a preacher of considerable pretensions to literature, and a teacher for years past, had occasion, in a sermon, to allude to the miracle of Christ, in raising the daughter of Jairus to life. He began by telling them that "There was a little girl by the name of Talitha, and the daughter of a man by the name of Cumi. The little girl died, and old man Cumi sent for Jesus to see if he could not raise her from the dead. Jesus came, and putting them all out of the room except Mr. and Mrs. Cumi, and three of his disciples, took the little girl by the hand and said, 'Talitha Cumi, arise!' and little Talitha got up and ate before them all."

Smith, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, and admiring and wondering at the structure of that despised animal, made a very *mal-adroit* quotation. "Ah!" said he, "*we* are fearfully and wonderfully made."

Accident in the Fog.—In the terrible fog of last week, Horace Greeley, bewildered by the obscurity, ran bang up against a pump. An equally bewildered policeman, coming up, observed, "Now then, move on, you Two."

Breslau, a celebrated juggler, being at Canterbury with his troop, met with such bad success that they were almost starved. He repaired to the churchwardens, and promised to give the profits of a night's conjuration to the *poor* if the parish would pay for hiring a room, etc. The charitable bait took, the benefit proved a bumper, and next morning the churchwardens waited upon the wizard to touch the receipts.

"I have already disposed of dem," said Breslau; "de profits were for de *poor*. I have kept my promise, and given de money to *my own people*, who are de *poorest* in dis parish."

"Sir!" exclaimed the churchwardens, "this is a *trick*."

"I know it," replied the conjuror. "I live by my *tricks*."

A missionary in New Zealand was lost in the bush. Those who went in search of him met a troop of savages, of whom they inquired if they had any where seen the missionary. "If I had found him," replied one of them, "I should have eaten him!"

A Family Secret.—We never knew a family that had not a Genius in it.

PROS AND CONS FOR POPE PIUS.

The Pope he leads a happy life,
He has the Church for child and wife,
With lodging, board, and washing free,
And eke Infallibilitie.

With Antonelli's counsels sage,
M'Guire's and Bowyer's truthful page,
About may write what scoffs he will,
And the Romagna kick its fill.

Let Garibaldi rouse to arms,
A Cullen's voice the tempest charms;
If to play false Napoleon dare,
There's Veuillot and his *Univers*.

But yet he's not a happy man,
With Grammont at the Vatican.
In Peter's chair 'tis hard to sit,
With pointed bayonets propping it.

Mortara meetings break his rest;
Shaftesbury nightmares ride his breast;
Austria and France, his fav'rite sons,
Each other pound with swords and guns.

Between two stools, as all folks know,
Unto the ground a man will go.
Much more his Holiness of Rome
Between seven hills to grief must come.

Envoys of France his conduct school;
A rebel people spurn his rule;
As *brutum fulmen* coolly scan
The thunders of the Vatican.

When excommunications fail,
And drunken Switzer guards turn tail;
When naked Truth dares face the day,
Fig-leaves and figments thrown away—

When Austria hides her damaged head,
And Bombalino skulks to bed;
When Pio Nono's best defense
Is Veuillot's truth and Cullen's sense—

Old Hollow Mask, that sittest there,
In Peter's aught but easy chair,
Bluster or bully, wail or whine,
I would not that thy seat were mine.

Employment for Women.—To teach the men to behave better to them. Our only fear is that the employment would take them all their lives, and that after all they would not gain much by it.

A runaway thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him some handcuffs, and asked him if he understood such kind of work.

"Why, yes, Sir," said the other, "I guess I've had a hand in 'em afore."

One Sunday lately a shoemaker was arrested for repairing shoes on the Sabbath. He was taken to the station-house, but was discharged. As he was coming out of the door a wag saluted him with, "Friend thou hadst better be mending thine own *soul* than those of other people."

An Irish tramp called for relief at St. Peter's Hospital, Bristol, and complained of being ill, when the doctor gave him an order for some medicine. When he presented the order and heard what it provided, Pat said he did not want it. The nurse said that he did, for the doctor said so. "Arrah, whist," was the reply; "I know better than the doctor! 'Tisn't physic I want at all, but sausages and tay."

THE MORTARA STORY AND MORAL.

A Jew boy comes home rather grimy and greasy,
The servant-maid sprinkles him, using no soap:
"He's a Christian," cries Pius, with conscience unqueasy:
Cries *Punch*, "But if making a Christian's so easy,
Oh, why doesn't somebody sprinkle the Pope?"

A friend of ours has a little son who is considered by the knowing ones as quite a "dabster."

A few days ago his mother noticed that he visited a particular corner in the garden quite often, and watched his movements. Going to where he was stooping one day, she saw him examining a *feather* he had pulled out of the ground, to see, as he said, if it had sprouted. His mother inquired his object in planting the quill, when the youngster replied,

"Hum, I guess I'se goin' to raise chickens as well as any body." At this point the laugh came in, and the point was clearly perceptible.

The Frothville Debating Society were considering the propriety of purchasing a burial lot; and it was used as an argument in its favor that one of the members had expressed a wish that, when he died, he might be laid in a lot owned by the Society he esteemed so much.

"How do you get along with your burial lot?" was asked of one who was inimical to the purchase.

"Oh, it's all settled," was the reply. "It is to be purchased; but the man who agreed to be buried in it has backed out."

LOVE POEM.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same
To prevent him so bold and undaunted;
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
"Avaunt, Sir!" and off he avaunted.

But when he returned with the *fiendishest* laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry it *off*,
She cried "Don't!" and the poor fellow don'ted.

When he meekly approached, and got down at her feet,
Praying loud, as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said, "Can't you?"—the dear girl re-canted.

Then softly he whispered—"How *could* you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted,
But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go;
Say, wilt thou, my dear?" and she wilted.

Then gayly he took her to see her new home—
A shanty by no means enchanted—
"See here we can live with no longing to roam,"
He said, "Shan't we, my dear?" So they shanted.

At one of the courts held in Bucks County, and which was presided over by the late Judge Banks, Mr. Timms was first admitted to practice. He was a young man of considerable ability, but rather diffident.

His first duty in court was to obtain a writ of habeas corpus. Upon arising to make the motion, the novelty of his position, or the sound of his own voice, seemed to confuse him, and instead of making the usual motion, he commenced, in a rather tremulous voice,

"May it please the Court, there's a man in jail that wants to get out."

"To be sure he wants to get out," broke in the Judge. "There's many another man like him; and he'd be a fool if he didn't."

It was some time before Mr. T. recovered his self-possession so as to make the proper motion.

A correspondent of the Columbus (South Carolina) *Times* gives the following melancholy illustration of the uncertainty of the types. A young gentleman by the name of Conkey, having been united by the holy bands of wedlock, sent the marriage notice, with a verse of his own composition, to the printer for publication.

"Married—At Gosham, February the 28th, A. Conkey, Esq., Attorney at Law, to Miss Euphenia Wiggins.

"Love is the Union of two hearts
That beat in softest melody,
Time, with its ravages, imparts
No bitter fusion to its ecstasy."

He looked with much anxiety for the next issue of the Gosham *Sentinel*, in order to see his name in print.

The compositor into whose charge the notice was placed happened to be on a spree at the time, and made a wonderful blunder in setting the types. Here is the notice as printed:

"Married—At Gosham, Feb. 28, A. Donkey, Esq., Eternally at Law, to Miss Euphenia Piggins.

"Jove is an onion of two heads
That belts in soft mellowy:
Time, with its cabbage heads, imparts
No better feed to an extra dray."

The feelings of the said Alexander Conkey, on seeing this piece, can be better imagined than described.

A friend in the "Swamp" sends us the following:

"I was relating something to my neighbor, P——, a while ago, but he did not appear to see the point. Piqued by his apparent dullness, I quoted Macbeth's lines—

———'the times have been
That when the brains were out the man would die.'"

"'Ah! my dear fellow,' retorted he, 'how lucky it is for you that you did not live in that age!'

"I subsided."

The following is a true copy of a letter received some time since by one of the New England postmasters, requesting him to forward an advertised letter

"Merideth Bridge, *June* 10.

"Mr. Post Master,—My daring presumption does take this favorable opportunity in writing you these few lines to demonstrate the characteristic of so noble and so generous a gentleman as you are beyond description or comparison, but how Dear Sir entertaining the good opinion of your reciprocal benevolence that you will send the advertised letter that is for Michael McGrath in your Post Office, and by so doing you will confer a great consolation on me.

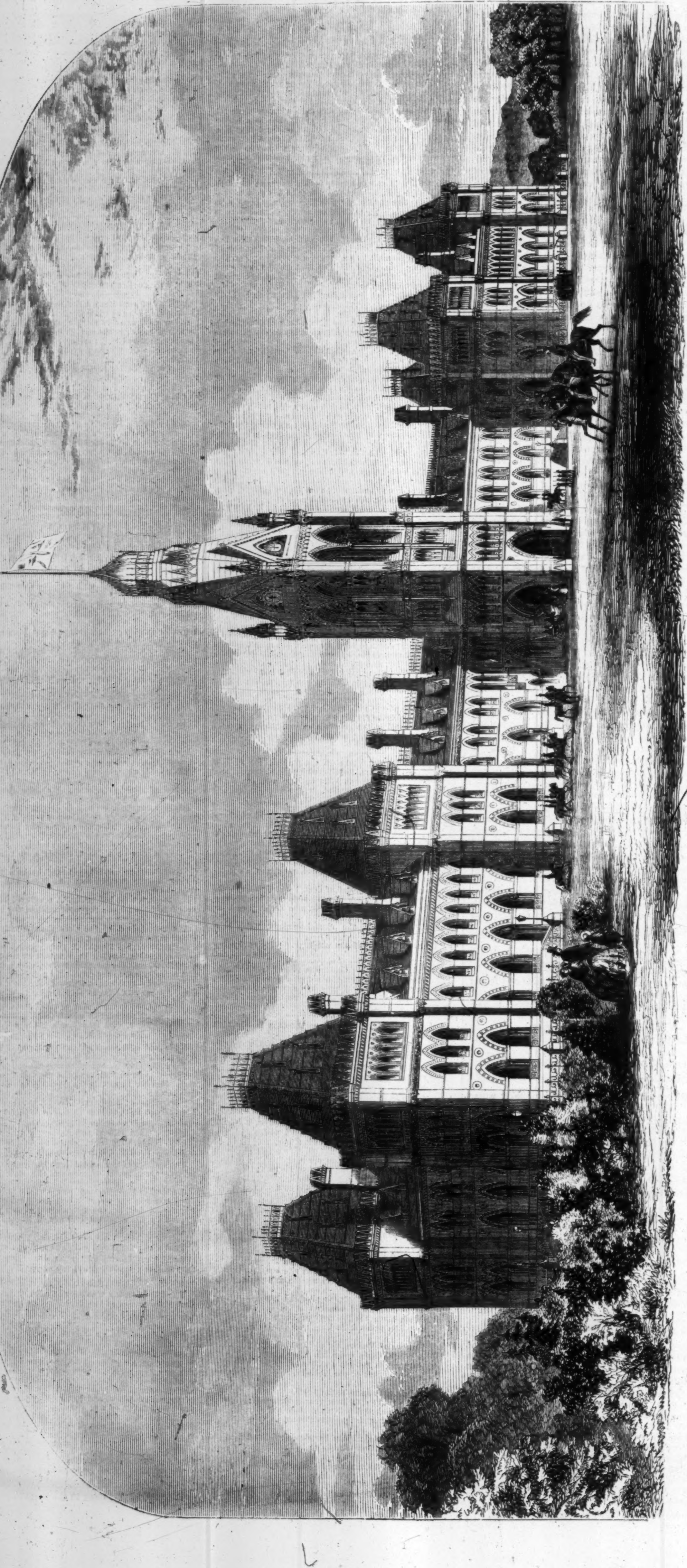
"Your direction is to me, Michael McGrath, Merideth Bridge, N. H., and I will pay all the expense that attends the same."

"I beg pardon, madam, for my inattention, but the fact is, my mind is a little absent just now."

"Then, Sir, probably you had better go and try to look it up."

The most curious thing in the world is a woman who is not curious.

L



THE PROPOSED NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA CITY, CANADA.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA, CANADA.

WE engrave on this page a picture of the new Parliament Buildings which are about to be erected at the City of Ottawa, Canada West. The architects are Messrs. Fuller & Jones of Toronto. The *Leader* of that city thus describes the design:

"The style of the Parliament buildings is akin to the Southern or Italian Gothic, or more properly, it is the Gothic adapted to this climate. They are required to be constructed for a sum not exceeding £75,000; and the successful architects are confident that their plan can be carried out for that sum. These buildings will be about 500 feet long, and of irregular width; the central of the seven towers will be 180 feet high, and the body of the building in front about 40 feet, with slanting roofs. The Legislative Halls are placed on each side of the central court—which is about 100 feet by 70, so that it will afford ample light and air—from which they are separated by corridors. They are on the ground-floor; and in capacity are each equal to the English House of Lords: 95 feet by 45. The plan adopted is the only one in which the Legislative Halls are placed on the ground-floor, an advantage so manifest that we may be sure it could not have been overlooked in deciding upon the plans. There are no rooms above the Legislative Halls; and from the plan of lighting which is to be adopted there could have been none. The paneled roof admits light during the day, which is in addition to that supplied by the side windows; and at night the artificial light will also descend from above. The light thus given will be of that peculiar soft kind which will render the change from day to night almost imperceptible. This is no doubtful experiment; for this plan of lighting is adopted from that actually in use in the British House of Commons. No gas will be required in the body of the Chambers. The mode of lighting is another advantage peculiar to the plans adopted. The galleries for the accommodation of the public, which are of ample dimensions, do not protrude into the Chambers at all, but are situated over the corridor. This arrangement is a very convenient one, but it was not peculiar to the plans adopted, as it was to be found in one of the others. But taking the three things together—the fact that the Legislative Halls are placed on the ground-floor, the mode of lighting from the roof, and the placing of the galleries over the corridors—form an assemblage of convenient arrangements not to be found in any of the other plans. The Reporters' gallery is placed behind the Speaker's chair, and may be of any required dimensions. A separate entrance is provided for the Reporters, as for the Governor-General; and an apartment is provided for them in which to write out their notes. The library building is of circular shape, and situated in the rear of the main building, from which it is partially detached, as much as it can be said to be when connected by one story instead of two. It is on the plan of the new library of the British Museum, and is fire-proof. It will be capable of holding some 200,000 volumes.

"Between the Legislative Halls and the central court there is a corridor, a members' lobby at the end, and another corridor on the other side. Beyond this, and parallel with the Legislative Halls, are wardrobes, water-closets, etc. The reading-rooms are at the back-end of the Legislative Halls; and the Speaker's rooms at the outer corners of the square that incloses the two chambers and the central court. Speaker's and Librarian's residences are attached; but they form no necessary part of the building; and indeed we believe were put in by the architects without express orders, so that they may or may not be constructed along with the other buildings. There is a small court in the centre of each wing; the rooms around which will serve for committees, clerks, and other needful purposes. At the further end of the central court is a room for His Excellency the Governor-General. The post-offices are placed near the main entrance, over which rises the central tower, and under which carriages may be driven. The members' entrance is on a direct line with the outer corridors, which incloses the Legislative Halls; or rather an extension of these corridors to the front. The entrances to the offices and committee-rooms are in the centre of the wings in front of the building; so that there will be no unnecessary contact of different classes of persons, which business will require them to obtain access to the Legislative buildings. The smoking-rooms are in the back part of the buildings, in the one-storied part that leads from the main building to the library.

"The disposition of space on the second story is precisely the same as in the first, though, as already remarked, that portion of the building which forms Legislative Halls, and that which forms the connecting link of the main building with the library, are only one story high. The arrangements for heating and ventilating are deemed to be ample.

"It is intended to place the buildings on the bank of the river, which is some 150 feet high, and from which they will present an imposing appearance. At the rear of the buildings—which will run parallel with the river—the elevated library, rising 90 feet above the surface, will present a conspicuous figure. The front, with its seven towers, the central one rising to an altitude of 180 feet, will expose one of the handsomest buildings in America."

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

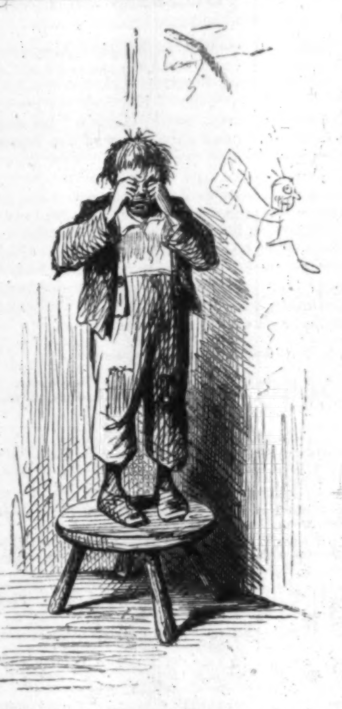
HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE—*Continued.*

X.

NOT a word more was said, on either side, as we walked back to the house. Miss Halcombe hastened immediately to her sister's room, and I withdrew to my studio to set in order all of Mr. Fairlie's drawings that I had not yet mounted and restored before I resigned them to the care of other hands. Thoughts that I had hitherto restrained, thoughts that made my position harder than ever to endure, crowded on me now that I was alone.

She was engaged to be married; and her future husband was Sir Percival Glyde. A man of the rank of baronet, and the owner of property in Hampshire.

There were hundreds of baronets in England, and dozens of land-owners in Hampshire. Judging by the ordinary rules of evidence, I had not the shadow of a reason, thus far, for connecting Sir Percival Glyde with the suspicious words of



inquiry that had been spoken to me by the woman in white. And yet, I did connect him with them. Was it because he had now become associated in my mind with Miss Fairlie; Miss Fairlie being, in her turn, associated with Anne Catherick, since the night when I had discovered the ominous likeness between them? Had the events of the morning so unnerved me already that I was at the mercy of any delusion which common chances and common coincidences might suggest to my imagination? Impossible to say. I could only feel that what had passed between Miss Halcombe and myself, on our way from the summer-house, had affected me very strangely. The foreboding of some undiscoverable danger lying hid from us all in the darkness of the future, was strong on me. The doubt whether I was not linked already to a chain of events which even my approaching departure from Cumberland would be powerless to snap asunder—the doubt whether we any of us saw the end as the end would really be—gathered more and more darkly over my mind. Poignant as it was, the sense of suffering caused by the miserable end of my brief, presumptuous love, seemed to be blunted and deadened by the still stronger sense of something obscurely impending, something invisibly threatening, that Time was holding over our heads.

I had been engaged with the drawings little more than half an hour when there was a knock at the door. It opened, on my answering; and, to my surprise, Miss Halcombe entered the room.

Her manner was angry and agitated. She caught up a chair for herself, before I could give her one; and sat down in it, close at my side.

"Mr. Hartright," she said, "I had hoped that all painful subjects of conversation were exhausted between us, for to-day at least. But it is not to be so. There is some underhand villainy at work to frighten my sister about her approaching marriage. You saw me send the gardener on to the house, with a letter addressed, in a strange handwriting, to Miss Fairlie?"

"Certainly."

"That letter is an anonymous letter—a vile attempt to injure Sir Percival Glyde in my sister's estimation. It has so agitated and alarmed her that I have had the greatest possible difficulty in composing her spirits sufficiently to allow me to leave her room and come here. I know this is a family matter on which I ought not to consult you, and in which you can feel no concern or interest—"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Halcombe. I feel the strongest possible concern and interest in any thing that affects Miss Fairlie's happiness or yours."

"I am glad to hear you say so. You are the only person in the house, or out of it, who can advise me. Mr. Fairlie, in his state of health and with his horror of difficulties and mysteries of all kinds, is not to be thought of. The clergyman is a good, weak man, who knows nothing out of the routine of his duties; and our neighbors are just the sort of comfortable, jog-trot acquaintances whom one can not disturb in times of trouble and danger. What I want to know is this: ought I, at once, to take such steps as I can to discover the writer of the letter? or ought I to wait, and apply to Mr. Fairlie's legal adviser to-morrow? It is a question—perhaps a very important one—of gaining or losing a day. Tell me what you think, Mr. Hartright. If necessity had not already obliged me to take you into my confidence under very delicate circumstances, even my helpless situation would, perhaps, be no excuse for me. But, as things are, I can not surely be wrong, after all that has passed between us, in forgetting that you are a friend of only three months' standing."

She gave me the letter. It began abruptly, without any preliminary form of address, as follows:

"Do you believe in dreams? I hope, for your own sake, that you do. See what Scripture says about dreams and their fulfillment (Genesis xl. 8, xli. 25; Daniel iv. 18–25); and take the warning I send you before it is too late.

"Last night I dreamed about you, Miss Fairlie. I dreamed that I was standing inside the communion rails of a church: I on one side of the altar-table, and the clergyman, with his surplice and his prayer-book, on the other.

"After a time there walked toward us, down the aisle of the church, a man and a woman, coming to be married. You were the woman. You looked so pretty and innocent in your beautiful white silk dress, and your long white lace vail, that my heart felt for you, and the tears came into my eyes.

"They were tears of pity, young lady, that Heaven blesses; and, instead of falling from my eyes like the everyday tears that we all of us shed, they turned into two rays of light which slanted nearer and nearer to the man standing at the altar with you, till they touched his breast. The two rays sprang in arches like two rainbows, between me and him. I looked along them, and I saw down into his inmost heart.

"The outside of the man you were marrying was fair enough to see. He was neither tall, nor short—he was a little below the middle size. A light, active, high-spirited man—about five-and-forty years old, to look at. He had a pale face, and was bald over the forehead, but had dark hair on the rest of his head. His beard was shaven on his chin, but was let to grow, of a fine rich brown, on his cheeks and his upper lip. His eyes were brown too, and very bright; his nose straight and handsome and delicate enough to have done for a woman's. His hands the same. He was troubled from time to time with a dry hacking cough; and when he put up his white right hand to his mouth, he showed the red scar of an old wound across the back of it. Have I dreamed of the right man? You know best, Miss Fairlie; and you can say if I was deceived or not. Read, next, what I saw beneath the outside—I entreat you read, and profit.

"I looked along the two rays of light, and I saw down into his inmost heart. It was black as night; and on it was written, in the red flaming letters which are the handwriting of the fallen angel: 'Without pity and without remorse. He has strewn with misery the paths of others, and he will live to strew with misery the path of this woman by his side.' I read that; and then the rays of light shifted and pointed over his shoulder; and there, behind him, stood a fiend, laughing. And the rays of light shifted once more, and pointed over your shoulder; and there, behind you, stood an angel weeping. And the rays of light shifted for the third time, and pointed straight between you and that man. They widened and widened, thrusting you both asunder, one from the other. And the clergyman looked for the marriage-service in vain: it was gone out of the book, and he shut up the leaves, and put it from him in despair. And I woke with my eyes full of tears and my heart beating—for *I* believe in dreams.

"Believe, too, Miss Fairlie—I beg of you, for your own sake, believe as I do. Joseph and Daniel, and others in Scripture, believed in dreams. Inquire into the past life of that man with the scar on his hand, before you say the words that make you his miserable wife. I don't give you this warning on my account, but on yours. I have an interest in your well-being that will live as long as I draw breath. Your mother's daughter has a tender place in my heart—for your mother was my first, my best, my only friend."

There the extraordinary letter ended, without signature of any sort.

The handwriting afforded no prospect of a clew. It was traced on ruled lines, in the cramped, conventional, copy-book character, technically termed "small hand." It was feeble and faint, and defaced by blots, but had otherwise nothing to distinguish it.

"That is not an illiterate letter," said Miss Halcombe, "and, at the same time, it is surely too incoherent to be the letter of an educated person in the higher ranks of life. The reference to the bridal dress and vail, and other little expressions, seem to point to it as the production of a woman. What do you think, Mr. Hartright?"

"I think so too. It seems to me to be not only the letter of a woman, but of a woman whose mind must be—"

"Deranged?" suggested Miss Halcombe. "It struck me in that light too."

I did not answer. While I was speaking, my eyes rested on the last sentence of the letter: "Your mother's daughter has a tender place in my heart—for your mother was my first, my best, my only friend." Those words, and the doubt which had just escaped me as to the sanity of the writer of the letter, acting together on my mind, suggested an idea, which I was literally afraid to express openly, or even to encourage secretly. I began to doubt whether my own faculties were not in danger of losing their balance. It seemed almost like a monomania to be tracing back every thing strange that happened, every thing unexpected that was said, always to the same hidden source and the same sinister influence. I resolved, this time, in defense of my own courage and my own sense, to come to no decision that plain fact did not warrant, and to turn my back resolutely on every thing that tempted me in the shape of surmise.

"If we have any chance of tracing the person who has written this," I said, returning the letter to Miss Halcombe, "there can be no harm in seizing our opportunity the moment it offers. I think we ought to speak to the gardener again about the elderly woman who gave him the letter, and then to continue our inquiries in the village. But first let me ask a question. You mentioned just now the alternative of consulting Mr. Fairlie's legal adviser to-morrow. Is there no possibility of communicating with him earlier? Why not to-day?"

"I can only explain," replied Miss Halcombe, "by entering into certain particulars, connected with my sister's marriage engagement, which I did not think it necessary or desirable to mention to you this morning. One of Sir Percival Glyde's objects in coming here, on Monday, is to fix the period of his marriage, which has hitherto been left quite unsettled. He is anxious that the event should take place before the end of the year."

"Does Miss Fairlie know of that wish?" I asked, eagerly.

"She has no suspicion of it; and, after what has happened, I shall not take the responsibility upon myself of enlightening her. Sir Percival has only mentioned his views to Mr. Fairlie, who has told me himself that he is ready and anxious, as Laura's guardian, to forward them. He has written to London, to the family solicitor, Mr. Gilmore. Mr. Gilmore happens to be away in Glasgow on business; and he has replied by proposing to stop at Limmeridge House on his way back to town. He will arrive to-morrow, and will stay with us a few days, so as to allow Sir Percival time to plead his own cause. If he succeeds, Mr. Gilmore will then return to London, taking with him his instructions for my sister's marriage settlement. You understand now, Mr. Hartright, why I speak of waiting to take legal advice until to-morrow? Mr. Gilmore is the old and tried friend of two generations of Fairlies, and we can trust him as we could trust no one else."

The marriage settlement! The mere hearing of those two words stung me with a jealous despair that was poison to my higher and better instincts. I began to think—it is hard to confess this, but I must suppress nothing from beginning to end of the terrible story that I now stand committed to reveal—I began to think, with a hateful eagerness of hope, of the vague charges against Sir Percival Glyde which the anonymous letter contained. What if those wild accusations rested on a foundation of truth? What if their truth could be proved before the fatal words of consent were spoken, and the marriage settlement was drawn? I have tried to think, since, that the feeling which then animated me began and ended in pure devotion to Miss Fairlie's interests. But I have never succeeded in deceiving myself into believing it; and I must not now attempt to deceive others. The feeling began and ended in reckless, vindictive, hopeless hatred of the man who was to marry her.

"If we are to find out any thing," I said, speaking under the new influence which was now directing me, "we had better not let another minute slip by us unemployed. I can only suggest, once more, the propriety of questioning the gardener a second time, and of inquiring in the village immediately afterward."

"I think I may be of help to you in both cases," said Miss Halcombe, rising. "Let us go, Mr. Hartright, at once, and do the best we can together."

I had the door in my hand to open it for her, but I stopped, on a sudden, to ask an important question before we set forth.

"One of the paragraphs of the anonymous letter," I said, "contains some sentences of minute personal description. Sir Percival Glyde's name is not mentioned, I know—but does that description at all resemble him?"

"Accurately; even in stating his age to be forty-five—"

Forty-five; and she was not yet twenty-one! Men of his age married wives of her age every day; and experience had shown those marriages to be often the happiest ones. I knew that—and yet even the mention of his age, when I contrasted it with hers, added to my blind hatred and distrust of him.

"Accurately," Miss Halcombe continued, "even to the scar on his right hand, which is the scar of a wound that he received years since when he was traveling in Italy. There can be no doubt that every peculiarity of his personal appearance is thoroughly well known to the writer of the letter."

"Even a cough that he is troubled with is mentioned, if I remember right?"

"Yes, and mentioned correctly. He treats it lightly himself, though it sometimes makes his friends anxious about him."

"I suppose no whispers have ever been heard against his character?"

"Mr. Hartright! I hope you are not unjust enough to let that infamous letter influence you?"

I felt the blood rush into my cheeks, for I knew that it *had* influenced me.

"I hope not," I answered, confusedly. "Perhaps I had no right to ask the question."

"I am not sorry you asked it," she said, "for it enables me to do justice to Sir Percival's reputation. Not a whisper, Mr. Hartright, has ever reached me, or my family, against him. He has fought successfully two contested elections, and has come out of the ordeal unscathed. A man who can do that in England is a man whose character is established."

I opened the door for her in silence, and followed her out. She had not convinced me. If the recording angel had come down from heaven to confirm her, and had opened his book to my mortal eyes, the recording angel would not have convinced me.

We found the gardener at work as usual. No amount of questioning could extract a single answer of any importance from the lad's impenetrable stupidity. The woman who had given him the letter was an elderly woman; she had not spoken a word to him; and she had gone away toward the south in a great hurry. That was all the gardener could tell us.

The village lay southward of the house. So to the village we went next.

XI.

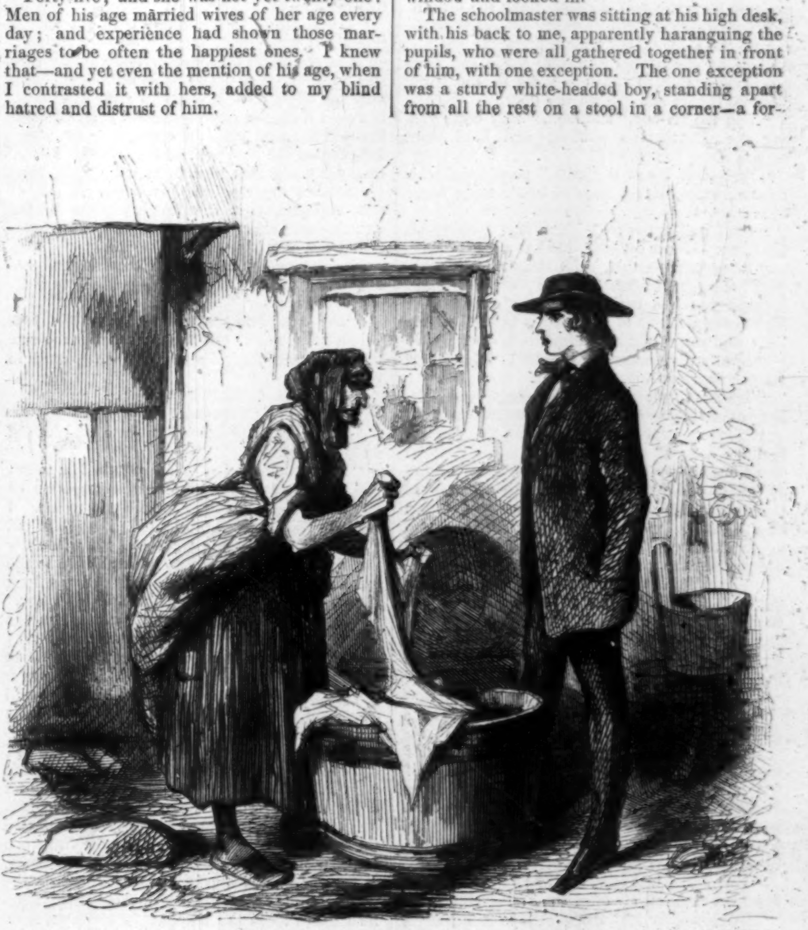
Our inquiries at Limmeridge were patiently pursued in all directions, and among all sorts and conditions of people. But nothing came of them. Three of the villagers did certainly assure us that they had seen the woman; but as they were quite unable to describe her, and quite incapable of agreeing about the exact direction in which she was proceeding when they last saw her, these three bright exceptions to the general rule of total ignorance afforded no more real assistance to us than the mass of their unhelpful and unobservant neighbors.

The course of our useless investigations brought us, in time, to the end of the village, at which the schools established by Mrs. Fairlie were situated. As we passed the side of the building appropriated to the use of the boys, I suggested the propriety of making a last inquiry of the schoolmaster, whom we might presume to be, in virtue of his office, the most intelligent man in the place.

"I am afraid the schoolmaster must have been occupied with his scholars," said Miss Halcombe, "just at the time when the woman passed through the village, and returned again. However, we can but try."

We entered the play-ground inclosure, and walked by the school-room window, to get round to the door, which was situated at the back of the building. I stopped for a moment at the window and looked in.

The schoolmaster was sitting at his high desk, with his back to me, apparently haranguing the pupils, who were all gathered together in front of him, with one exception. The one exception was a sturdy white-headed boy, standing apart from all the rest on a stool in a corner—a for-



"AND JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR AN OLD WOMAN WAS ENGAGED IN WASHING."

lorn little Crusoe, isolated in his own desert island of solitary penal disgrace.

The door, when we got round to it, was ajar; and the schoolmaster's voice reached us plainly, as we both stopped for a minute under the porch.

"Now, boys," said the voice, "mind what I tell you. If I hear another word spoken about ghosts in this school, it will be the worst for all of you. There are no such things as ghosts; and, therefore, any boy who believes in ghosts, believes in what can't possibly be; and a boy who belongs to Limmeridge School, and believes in what can't possibly be, sets up his back against reason and discipline, and must be punished accordingly. You all see Jacob Postlethwaite standing up on the stool there in disgrace. He has been punished, not because he said he saw a ghost last night, but because he is too impudent and too obstinate to listen to reason; and because he persists in saying he saw the ghost after I have told him that no such thing can possibly be. If nothing else will do, I mean to cane the ghost out of Jacob Postlethwaite; and if the thing spreads among any of the rest of you, I mean to go a step farther, and cane the ghost out of the whole school."

"We seem to have chosen an awkward moment for our visit," said Miss Halcombe, pushing open the door at the end of the schoolmaster's address, and leading the way in.

Our appearance produced a strong sensation among the boys. They appeared to think that we had arrived for the express purpose of seeing Jacob Postlethwaite caned.

"Go home all of you to dinner," said the schoolmaster, "except Jacob. Jacob must stop where he is; and the ghost may bring him his dinner, if the ghost pleases."

Jacob's fortitude deserted him at the double disappearance of his school-fellows and his prospect of dinner. He took his hands out of his pockets, looked hard at his knuckles, raised them with great deliberation to his eyes, and, when they got there, ground them round and round slowly, accompanying the action by short spasms of sniffing, which followed each other at regular intervals—the nasal minute-guns of juvenile distress.

"We came here to ask you a question, Mr. Dempster," said Miss Halcombe, addressing the schoolmaster; "and we little expected to find you occupied in exorcising a ghost. What does it all mean? What has really happened?"

"That wicked boy has been frightening the whole school, Miss Halcombe, by declaring that he saw a ghost yesterday evening," answered the master. "And he still persists in his absurd story, in spite of all that I can say to him."

"Most extraordinary," said Miss Halcombe. "I should not have thought it possible that any of the boys had imagination enough to see a ghost. This is a new accession indeed to the hard labor of forming the youthful mind at Limmeridge—and I heartily wish you well through it, Mr. Dempster. In the mean time, let me explain why you see me here, and what it is I want."

She then put the same question to the schoolmaster, which we had asked already of almost every one else in the village. It was met by the same discouraging answer. Mr. Dempster had not set eyes on the stranger of whom we were in search.

"We may as well return to the house, Mr. Hartright," said Miss Halcombe, "the information we want is evidently not to be found."

She had bowed to Mr. Dempster, and was about to leave the school-room, when the forlorn position of Jacob Postlethwaite, piteously sniffing on the stool of penitence, attracted her attention as she passed him, and made her stop good-humoredly to speak a word to the little prisoner before she opened the door.

"You foolish boy," she said, "why don't you beg Mr. Dempster's pardon, and hold your tongue about the ghost?"

"Eh!—but I saw t' ghaist," persisted Jacob Postlethwaite, with a stare of terror and a burst of tears.

"Stuff and nonsense! You saw nothing of the kind. Ghost indeed! What ghost—"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Halcombe," interposed the schoolmaster, a little uneasily—"but I think you had better not question the boy. The obstinate folly of his story is beyond all belief; and you might lead him into ignorantly—"

"Ignorantly, what?" inquired Miss Halcombe, sharply.

"Ignorantly shocking your feelings," said Mr. Dempster, looking very much discomposed.

"Upon my word, Mr. Dempster, you pay my feelings a great compliment in thinking them weak enough to be shocked by such an urchin as that!" She turned with an air of satirical defiance to little Jacob, and began to question him directly. "Come!" she said, "I mean to know all about this. You naughty boy, when did you see the ghost?"

"Yester'een, at the gloaming," replied Jacob.

"Oh! you saw it yesterday evening, in the twilight? And what was it like?"

"Arl in white—as a ghaist should be," answered the ghost-seer, with a confidence beyond his years.

"And where was it?"

"Away yander, in t' Kirk-yard—where a ghaist ought to be."

"As a 'ghaist' should be—where a 'ghaist' ought to be—why, you little fool, you talk as if the manners and customs of ghosts had been familiar to you from your infancy! You have got your story at your fingers' end, at any rate. I suppose I shall hear next that you can actually tell me whose ghost it was?"

"Eh! but I just can," replied Jacob, nodding his head with an air of gloomy triumph.

Mr. Dempster had already tried several times to speak, while Miss Halcombe was examining his pupil; and he now interposed resolutely enough to make himself heard.

"Excuse me, Miss Halcombe," he said, "if I venture to say that you are only encouraging the boy by asking him these questions."

"I will merely ask one more, Mr. Dempster, and then I shall be quite satisfied. Well," she continued, turning to the boy, "and whose ghost was it?"

"T' ghaist of Mistress Fairlie," answered Jacob, in a whisper.

The effect which this extraordinary reply produced on Miss Halcombe fully justified the anxiety which the schoolmaster had shown to prevent her from hearing it. Her face crimsoned with indignation—she turned upon little Jacob with an angry suddenness which terrified him into a fresh burst of tears—opened her lips to speak to him—then controlled herself—and addressed the master instead of the boy.

"It is useless," she said, "to hold such a child as that responsible for what he says. I have little doubt that the idea has been put into his head by others. If there are people in this village, Mr. Dempster, who have forgotten the respect and gratitude due from every soul in it to my mother's memory, I will find them out; and, if I have any influence with Mr. Fairlie, they shall suffer for it."

"I hope—indeed, I am sure, Miss Halcombe—that you are mistaken," said the schoolmaster. "The matter begins and ends with the boy's own perversity and folly. He saw, or thought he saw, a woman in white, yesterday evening, as he was passing the church-yard; and the figure, real or fancied, was standing by the marble cross, which he and every one else in Limmeridge knows to be the monument over Mrs. Fairlie's grave. These two circumstances are surely sufficient to have suggested to the boy himself the answer which has so naturally shocked you?"

Although Miss Halcombe did not seem to be convinced, she evidently felt that the schoolmaster's statement of the case was too sensible to be openly combated. She merely replied by thanking him for his attention, and by promising to see him again when her doubts were satisfied. This said, she bowed, and led the way out of the school-room.

Throughout the whole of this strange scene I had stood apart, listening attentively, and drawing my own conclusions. As soon as we were alone again, Miss Halcombe asked me if I had formed any opinion on what I had heard.

"A very strong opinion," I answered; "the boy's story, as I believe, has a foundation in fact. I confess I am anxious to see the monument over Mrs. Fairlie's grave, and to examine the ground about it."

"You shall see the grave."

She paused after making that reply, and reflected a little as we walked on. "What has happened in the school-room," she resumed, "has so completely distracted my attention from the subject of the letter, that I feel a little bewildered when I try to return to it. Must we give up all idea of making any further inquiries, and wait to place the thing in Mr. Gilmore's hands, to-morrow?"

"By no means, Miss Halcombe. What has happened in the school-room encourages me to persevere in the investigation."

"Why does it encourage you?"

"Because it strengthens a suspicion I felt when you gave me the letter to read."

"I suppose you had your reasons, Mr. Hartright, for concealing that suspicion from me till this moment?"

"I was afraid to encourage it in myself. I thought it was utterly preposterous—I distrusted it as the result of some perversity in my own imagination. But I can do so no longer. Not only the boy's own answers to your questions, but even a chance expression that dropped from the schoolmaster's lips in explaining his story, have forced the idea back into my mind. Events may yet prove that idea to be a delusion, Miss Halcombe; but the belief is strong in me, at this moment, that the fancied ghost in the church-yard, and the writer of the anonymous letter, are one and the same person."

She stopped, turned pale, and looked me eagerly in the face.

"What person?"

"The schoolmaster unconsciously told you. When he spoke of the figure that the boy saw in the church-yard, he called it 'a woman in white.'"

"Not Anne Catherick!"

"Yes, Anne Catherick."

She put her hand through my arm, and leaned on it heavily.

"I don't know why," she said, in low tones, "but there is something in this suspicion of yours that seems to startle and unnerve me. I feel—" She stopped, and tried to laugh it off. "Mr. Hartright," she went on, "I will show you the grave, and then go back at once to the house. I had better not leave Laura too long alone. I had better go back and sit with her."

We were close to the church-yard when she spoke. The church, a dreary building of gray stone, was situated in a little valley, so as to be sheltered from the bleak winds blowing over the moorland all round it. The burial-ground advanced, from the side of the church, a little way up the slope of the hill. It was surrounded by a rough low stone wall, and was bare and open to the sky, except at one extremity, where a brook trickled down the stony hill-side, and a clump of dwarf trees threw their narrow shadows over the short, meagre grass. Just beyond the brook and the trees, and not far from one of the three stone stiles which afforded entrance, at various points, to the church-yard, rose the white marble cross that distinguished Mrs. Fairlie's grave from the humbler monuments scattered about it.

"I need go no farther with you," said Miss Halcombe, pointing to the grave. "You will let me know if you find any thing to confirm the idea you have just mentioned to me. Let us meet again at the house."

She left me. I descended at once to the church-yard, and crossed the stile which led directly to Mrs. Fairlie's grave.

The grass about it was too short, and the ground too hard, to show any marks of footsteps. Disappointed thus far, I next looked attentively at the cross, and at the square block of marble below it, on which the inscription was cut.

The natural whiteness of the cross was a little clouded, here and there, by weather-stains; and rather more than one half of the square block beneath it, on the side which bore the inscription, was in the same condition. The other half, however, attracted my attention at once, by its singular freedom from stain or impurity of any kind. I looked closer, and saw that it had been cleaned—recently cleaned, in a downward direction from top to bottom. The boundary line between the part that had been cleaned and the part that had not, was traceable wherever the inscription left a blank space of marble—sharply traceable as a line that had been produced by artificial means. Who had begun the cleansing of the marble, and who had left it unfinished?

I looked about me, wondering how the question was to be solved. No sign of a habitation could be discerned from the point at which I was standing; the burial-ground was left in the lonely possession of the dead. I returned to the church, and walked round it till I came to the back of the building; then crossed the boundary wall beyond, by another of the stone stiles; and found myself at the head of a path leading down into a deserted stone quarry. Against one side of the quarry a little two-room cottage was built; and just outside the door an old woman was engaged in washing.

I walked up to her, and entered into conversation about the church and burial-ground. She was ready enough to talk; and almost the first words she said, informed me that her husband filled the two offices of clerk and sexton. I said a few words next in praise of Mrs. Fairlie's monument. The old woman shook her head, and told me I had not seen it at its best. It was her husband's business to look after it; but he had been so ailing and weak, for months and months past, that he had hardly been able to crawl into church on Sundays to do his duty, and the monument had been neglected in consequence. He was getting a little better now; and, in a week or ten days' time, he hoped to be strong enough to set to work and clean it.

This information—extracted from a long rambling answer, in the broadest Cumberland dialect—told me all that I most wanted to know. I gave the poor woman a trifle, and returned at once to Limmeridge House.

The partial cleansing of the monument had evidently been accomplished by a strange hand. Connecting what I had discovered, thus far, with what I had suspected after hearing the story of the ghost seen at twilight, I wanted nothing more to confirm my resolution to watch Mrs. Fairlie's grave, in secret, that evening; returning to it at sunset, and waiting within sight of it till night fell. The work of cleansing the monument had been left unfinished; and the person by whom it had been begun might return to complete it.

On getting back to the house I informed Miss Halcombe of what I intended to do. She looked surprised and uneasy, while I was explaining my purpose; but she made no positive objection to the execution of it. She only said, "I hope it may end well." Just as she was leaving me again, I stopped her to inquire, as calmly as I could, after Miss Fairlie's health. She was in better spirits; and Miss Halcombe hoped she might be induced to take a little walking exercise while the afternoon sun lasted.

I returned to my own room to resume setting the drawings in order. It was necessary to do this, and doubly necessary to keep my mind employed on any thing that would help to distract my attention from myself, and from the hopeless future that lay before me. From time to time I paused in my work to look out of window and watch the sky as the sun sank nearer and nearer to the horizon. On one of those occasions I saw a figure on the broad gravel walk under the window. It was Miss Fairlie.

I had not seen her since the morning: and I had hardly spoken to her then. Another day at Limmeridge was all that remained to me; and after that day my eyes might never look on her again. This thought was enough to hold me at the window. I had sufficient consideration for her, to arrange the blind so that she might not see me if she looked up; but I had no strength to resist the temptation of letting my eyes, at least, follow her as far as they could on her walk.

She was dressed in a brown cloak, with a plain black silk gown under it. On her head was the same simple straw-hat which she had worn on the morning when we first met. A vail was attached to it now, which hid her face from me. By her side trotted a little Italian greyhound, the pet companion of all her walks, smartly dressed in a scarlet cloth wrapper, to keep the sharp air from his delicate skin. She did not seem to notice the dog. She walked straight forward, with her head drooping a little, and her arms folded in her cloak. The dead leaves which had whirled in the wind before me, when I had heard of her marriage engagement in the morning, whirled in the wind before her, and rose and fell and scattered themselves at her feet, as she walked on in the pale waning sunlight. The dog shivered and trembled, and pressed against her dress impatiently for notice and encouragement. But she never heeded him. She walked on, farther and farther away from me, with the dead leaves whirling about her on the path—walked on, till my aching eyes could see her no more, and I was left alone again with my own heavy heart.

In another hour's time I had done my work, and the sunset was at hand. I got my hat and coat in the hall, and slipped out of the house without meeting any one.

The clouds were wild in the western heaven, and the wind blew chill from the sea. Far as the shore was, the sound of the surf swept over the intervening moorland, and beat drearily in my ears when I entered the church-yard. Not a living creature was in sight. The place looked lonelier than ever, as I chose my position, and waited and watched, with my eyes on the white cross that rose over Mrs. Fairlie's grave.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, December 12, in the Senate, the Slavery question was again discussed by Senators Iverson, Bigler, Pugh, Johnson, Trumbull, and Doolittle.——The House was similarly occupied, the speakers being Messrs. Kilgore, Stewart, Haskin, Hickman, Florence, and Noell. No vote was taken for Speaker.

On Tuesday, December 13, in the Senate, speeches on Slavery were pronounced by Senators Clay, Gwin, Hale, and Wilson.——In the House, in like manner, Slavery was discussed in a desultory manner by Messrs. Daniel E. Sickles, Adrain, Hickman, and Clark. Feelings and language were warm on both sides.

On Wednesday, December 14, in the Senate, Senators Wade, Clay, and Bigler spoke on the Slavery question: after which Senator Trumbull's motion to include the attack upon the Arsenal at Liberty, Missouri, among the subjects of inquiry under Senator Mason's resolution, was put to the vote, and lost by 32 to 22; after which Senator Mason's motion was put and carried unanimously. In executive session, the Senate confirmed Mr. Amasa J. Parker as District-Attorney, vice Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, deceased.——In the House, violent speeches on Slavery were made by Messrs. M'Rae, Carter, Vallandigham, Ashmore, etc. Another ballot for Speaker was taken, with the following result; Sherman, 108; Bocock, 86; Gilmer, 22; scattering, 11.

On Thursday, December 15, in the Senate, the Committee was appointed under Mr. Mason's resolution. It consists of Senators Mason, Davis, Fitch, Collamer, and Doolittle. Some other routine business was transacted, after which the Senate adjourned.——In the House, speeches on the Slavery question were made by Messrs. Vallandigham and Crawford. Two inconclusive ballots were had for Speaker, 114 in both cases being necessary to a choice; Mr. Sherman in both obtaining 110; Mr. Bocock, 85; Mr. Gilmer falling from 22 to 18 on the second ballot; the remainder scattering. Mr. Sherman's vote was augmented to that number by the accession of Messrs. Haskin, Hickman, and Schwartz (Anti-Lecompton Democrats).

On Friday, 16th, in the House, the Senate not being in session, Messrs Bonham, of South Carolina, and Sims, of Kentucky, delivered speeches on the relations between the North and the South. These gentlemen having concluded their remarks, the House proceeded to ballot for Speaker, with the following result: Sherman, 96; Bocock, 86; Gilmer, 36; scattering, 9. No election. On this ballot fourteen Republicans deserted Sherman and voted for Gilmer, but the Democrats declined to follow their example. Mr. Gilmer here withdrew from the contest, and nominated Mr. Boteler, of Virginia, a member of the Southern Opposition, and representative of the Harper's Ferry district. Another balloting was had, which resulted as follows: Sherman, 111; Bocock, 83: Boteler, 25; scattering, 9. There being no choice the House adjourned.

THE SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

On Tuesday Senator Clay, of Alabama, made a speech in which he spoke as follows: "In a speech delivered in the State of Maine in 1855 Senator Wade declared that the North and South hated each other as cordially as the English and the Russians. Such a sentiment has been often avowed by the distinguished Senator from New York (Seward), not now in his seat. He has denounced throughout the State of New York the slaveholders of this confederacy in language not so violent and severe as that used by the Senator from Ohio (Mr. Wade). That Senator characterized us as Vandals; and the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Wilson) characterized us as robbers. The Senator from New York denounced us as a perfidious, privileged class, and charged us with fraud, perfidy, and dishonor. * * * Can they suppose we are so stupid, apathetic, ignorant of the character of our institutions, and careless of our rights, that we can suppose this man not the exponent of the sentiments of their party? Are not men elected because they are the exponents and advocates of sentiments which are congenial to the minds and hearts of the people that elect them? * * * I could multiply quotations; but I need not go further than the very platform which was jeeringly read by Mr. Trumbull, in which you denounce slavery and polygamy as the twin relics of barbarism. Polygamy is not only in your and our estimation an unchristian principle, in violation of the revealed will of God, but it is a violation of national law, and punished as a crime. You denounce slavery in like manner, and devote it no doubt to the same punishment wherever you can exercise the power. The platform also declares the negro the equal of the white man in social and political rights. In the State of Massachusetts, for instance, you admit the negro to the elective franchise, enroll him in the militia, admit him to every civil and political right the white man enjoys—ay, you admit him even by law to the rights of intermarriage with the whites! * * * The State of New Hampshire is little, if any, behind Massachusetts. * * * Therefore, I repeat that you maintain by your platform, and illustrate by your legislation, your belief that the negro is the equal of the white man in social and political rights. And there you make a chasm between us as deep as hell, which can never be passed over. You can not pass it without sacrificing your principles and denying your faith, and we can not pass it without denying our faith and sacrificing our country. Hence we never can stand together, never submit to your domination, until we are prepared to pass beneath the yoke, and surrender all that is dear to us in the present and in the future.

WHY THE SOUTH DISTRUSTS NORTHERN CONSERVATIVES.

The Senator added:

"Nowhere, except where the Democratic party has prevailed and controlled the legislation of the country, has any act passed to suppress the thieving and robbery which have been carried on upon the slave property of the South. Thus you have countenanced and encouraged the robbery of our property by your nonaction; and we have remonstrated, and invoked you as brethren living under a common Constitution, in the bonds of a common Union, and professedly devoted to the same destiny, to discharge your obligations, devolved upon you by the solemn injunctions of the Federal Constitution, and which you are bound by a solemn oath to carry out. I repeat it, where is the Senator of the Republican party who will get up in this place and say that he thinks it is the duty of the people of the State which he represents, by legislation, to prevent these predatory incursions into the Southern States, and the kidnapping and running off of our slaves? I pause for a reply. Not one! All would encourage these depredations upon our property, at least by nonaction. All admit it by silence that their Legislatures are right to discountenance and destroy that institution as far as they dare do it. But Legislatures have not been content with nonaction, and actually encourage them by positive legislation. The Legislature of Massachusetts, under a Republican administration, has passed an act for the purpose of nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law. She disfranchises the lawyer who dares to appear for the claimant of a fugitive slave; she threatens the judge who dares to try any such case with impeachment; and no doubt she does so with the approbation of her Senators. As the Senator does not deny it, I take it for granted I am right in saying that he approves of that legislation. Well, such has been the legislative action of New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Maine, Connecticut, New York, Michigan, and Wisconsin. All of them have nullified, as far as they could do it, the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and punished as a crime the execution or the aiding or abetting the execution of that Act; and not one Senator from these States will get up, and in the presence of an American Senate proclaim to the American people that these are, as they certainly are, gross infractions of the Federal Constitution, and an inexcusable abuse of the rights guaranteed by that instrument to the South. And yet you proclaim in our hearing boldly, and with apparent frankness and sincerity, that your party intends to preserve and maintain all the Constitutional rights of the South. Can you make us believe it in the face of this action? Do you think to persuade us to credit these assertions, when I ask you here to admit or disprove, in any terms you please, these acts of your Legislatures—when you sit mute, and by silence acknowledge that they express your principles and sentiments? * * * Why should you get up and express your abhorrence of the crime of Brown, endeavor to exculpate your party from any complicity, either in act or intention, when on the platform, which you flaunt in bitter mockery and raillery in our faces, you denounce that crime as deserving the execration of all civilized people? * * * Do you think us more or less than men—that we have no pride of home, pride of State, and pride of ancestry? If you do not, why mock us with your professions of fraternal regard, and invite us to reciprocate your friendly feelings?"

WHAT THE SOUTH INTENDS, AND WHEN.

Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, on Thursday, spoke as follows: "What is our duty? We understand you, and we think the South understands you. You have got a majority in every Northern State. The free States have a majority of fifty-seven on this floor, a majority of six in the other branch of Congress, a majority of sixty-three in the Electoral College, and a majority in every branch of the government; and what do you propose? First, an instantaneous repeal of the Fugitive Slave law. That is the doctrine of your leading men. Next, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Next, the abolition of the slave-trade between the States. But the most important question of the party is the suppression of slavery in the Territories by a positive law, and to put this government prominently on the side of freedom, as you call it. I am reminded, too, that you propose to reorganize the Judiciary. That is what you propose to do. My opinion is that the recent invasion in Virginia will prevent your carrying the election of 1860. But for myself, I am ready for you to get the control of the government. I want the question tested between you and us. I want it settled. I want to know whether we are to be controlled—whether we are to be limited to where slavery now exists, or whether we are to have liberty to go beyond? We have now four millions of slaves. In some twenty-five years hence we will have eight millions. We demand expansion. We will have expansion in spite of the Republican party and all the abolitionists of the Old and of the New World. [Applause from the Democratic benches.] * * * All we want you to do is that you shall not back down from your flag. Stand by your flag, and do not slink away from it. [Excitedly.] Stand by your colors. Don't deceive your people by telling them that you intend to do justice to the South. You have no idea of it. [Applause from the Democratic benches.] Now, in regard to the election of a Black Republican President, I have this to say—and I speak the sentiment of every Democrat on this floor from the State of Georgia—we never will submit to the inauguration of a Black Republican President. [Applause from some of the Southern Democrats, and hisses from the Republicans.] I repeat it, Sir, and I have authority to say so, that no Democratic representative from Georgia on this floor will ever submit to the inauguration of a Black Republican President. [Renewed applause and hisses.]

MR. KILGORE (*rising amidst some sensation*). "Will the gentleman say how he will prevent it?"

MR. CRAWFORD. "That will be for us to determine, Sir; and we do not propose to give our enemies the benefit of the information. We have endeavored for fifty years to settle this question. It is impossible now that we can do so. Many of my people talk of equality in the Union, or independence out of it. For myself, I declare that I am for independence now and forever." [Applause.]

THE REPUBLICAN VIEW OF DISUNION.

On Wednesday, Senator Wade, of Ohio, took occasion to speak to disunion. He alluded to the muttered thunder of disunion meeting his ears from the Southern hemisphere in case a Republican President is elected. He felt no alarm from that cause. This Union will not easily be dissolved. Gentlemen talk about it in a very business-like way, as though it was a magazine to be blown up whenever they choose to apply the match. This fabric has been more than eighty years in building, and will not be destroyed in a day. He then spoke of the navigable rivers, lines of railroads, and other interests interlacing the South with the North. There never was so great and glorious a country. We are married forever, for better or worse. We can make our condition very uncomfortable, but, nevertheless, there will be no divorcement between us. There is no way in which it can be effected, but least of all in the contingency mentioned. If you wait till a Republican President is elected, you will have waited a day too late. Why don't you do it now, when you have the government in your own hands? I say to you he would be but a sorry Republican who, if elected by a majority of the votes of the American people, and consequently backed by them, should fail to vindicate his right to the Presidential chair. He will do it. No man at the North is to be intimidated by the threats of dissolution which are thrown into his teeth daily. Why do you not do it? There is no law requiring you to give us notice of it. You had better do it at once without making threats. If the Republican candidate shall be constitutionally elected to preside for the next four years over this people, my word for it preside he will. Who will prevent it?"

WHETHER DISUNION BE POSSIBLE.

In the course of the debate on Monday, Mr. Hickman, of Pennsylvania, observed:

"If dissolution means that there is to be division of territory by Mason and Dixon's line, or by any other line, I say No! I express my conviction, whether false or true the country can judge, that when I say No, the North will never tolerate a division of the territory." [Sensation and applause from the Republican benches.]

MR. GARTRELL (Democrat), of Georgia, rising amidst great sensation. "I should like to know how you are to prevent it?"

MR. HICKMAN. "I will tell you. I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but I express my conviction that there is as much true courage in the North, though it may not be known by the name of 'chivalry'—[sensation]—as there is in the South. I do not use the word contemptuously, for I admire chivalry everywhere. There is, I say again, as much true courage at the North as there is at the South. I always believed it, and I will therefore express it; and I believe that with all the appliances of art to assist, eighteen millions of men, reared to industry, with habits of the right kind, will always be able to cope successfully with eight millions of men without these auxiliaries." [Great sensation and applause and some hisses.]

THE TREASURY ESTIMATES.

THE financial estimate of Secretary Cobb shows that there will be needed, for the year ending June 30, 1861, appropriations amounting to $46,278,898 56. Of this sum, the principal items are: For the Military Academy, $183,892: for fortifications, ordnance, etc., $1,979,878; for the Naval establishment, $11,244,845 63; and to supply deficiencies in the Post-office revenues, $5,988,424 04. The estimated balances from appropriations for the year ending June 30, 1860, part of which are required for the payment of the liabilities of the present fiscal year, but which will not be drawn from the Treasury until after June 30, 1860, and the balance applied to the service of the ensuing fiscal year, amount to $12,262,452 75. This, with a total of $8,173,582 48 of the appropriations made by former acts of Congress of a specific and definite character, increases the grand total of the estimates to $66,714,928 79. The annual and permanent appropriations for the service of the year ending June 30, 1861, exclusive of the public debt, amount to $51,065,854 70.

EXECUTION OF THE HARPER'S FERRY INSURGENTS.

The survivors of the Harper's Ferry insurgents were on Friday brought to the scaffold at Charlestown. Green and Copeland were executed in the morning, shortly after eleven o'clock; and in the afternoon suffered Cook and Coppic. The conduct of the whole party is said to have been courageous. Green's neck, when the fall was dropped, was instantly broken; and he, of course, died without a struggle. The rest exhibited the usual horrible symptoms of death by strangulation. The attendance at the execution was very large. Order was, however, perfectly preserved. Cook and Coppic had not so reconciled themselves to their fate as to surrender the hope of life without an attempt to save themselves. On Thursday night a sentinel, observing two heads protruding above the wall, at a little distance, challenged the proprietors, and receiving no answer, fired at them. He then approached the point, when one of the two mounted the wall, but seeing that he could only jump upon the bayonet of the guard, returned to the jail-yard, where the pair were presently seized and imprisoned. They were Cook and Coppic. It appears that for a fortnight past they had been laboring diligently at their plans. Converting a pocket-knife into a saw, they had cut their irons, and by the aid of a bed-screw, had opened a hole through the brick wall separating them from the yard, and so they passed out. Had they succeeded in scaling the wall, they would in all probability have escaped, as it was very dark and the mountains of the Shenondoah close at hand.

JOHN BROWN'S AUTOGRAPH.

The Charlestown correspondent of the Baltimore *American* writes:

"One of the jail-guard, a worthy gentleman of this place, asked of Captain Brown his autograph. He expressed the kindest feeling for him, and said he would give it upon this consideration—that he should not make a speculation out of it. The gentleman never alluded to the subject again, but on the morning of execution Brown sent for him and handed him the following communication:

"'CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, *Dec.* 2, 1859.

"'I, John Brown, am now quite *certain* that the crimes of this *guilty land* will never be purged *away* but with *blood*. I had, as I now think, vainly flattered myself that, without very much bloodshed, it might be done.'"

A JOHN BROWN MEETING.

An assemblage of over two thousand persons met on Thursday evening in the Cooper Institute to tender their sympathies to the families of John Brown and his associates. In order that this sympathy might be of a substantial form, there was a charge of twenty-five cents for admission. Speeches were made by Rev. Dr. Cheever, Wendell Phillips, Rev. Hiram Mattison, and Rev. J. R. Sloan, all of which were highly eulogistic of John Brown and his unsuccessful insurrection. The proceedings were very stormy, and at one time a riot seemed inevitable. Such was the confusion, that Dr. Cheever was obliged to cease speaking before he had half finished his address. Eventually, however, a force of seventy-five policemen, under Captain Pillsbury and Deputy-Superintendent Carpenter, and the eloquence of Mr. Phillips, succeeded in restoring a tolerable degree of order. The proceedings then went on quietly, and soon after 10½ o'clock the meeting adjourned.

An Abolitionist meeting was likewise held same night at Philadelphia, and riots took place there.

PERSONAL.

There is a picture of Roger A. Pryor, as a "sojer," in the Mobile *Register*. He is thus described:

"Among the Virginians is a frail, delicate little fellow, with a clear gray eye, boyish mouth, and hair parted in the middle, and falling behind his ears, and a tight-fitting sergeant's uniform, with silver-hilted sword, a scarlet plume, and pair of bright gilt shoulder-pieces. He is their cavalier, their 'bowld boy,' and his name is Roger A. Pryor, orderly to the company of Riflemen from Petersburg. As he passed down the line, head erect, toes out, eyes in front fourteen paces, he reminded me of a bonny bit of a woman dressed in uniform—as for example, Marie *la Fille de Regiment!* But when he opened the pretty lips, and the round, mellow tones tripped out in true military grace, a soldier—a soldier—every inch a soldier! He is a soldier. He walks like one, talks like one, and looks like one when he draws the shining blade and gives the command of his superiors. But on rest, as he stands negligently at the head of his squad, he appears, as I before said, a pretty, bouncing, spirited girl, trimmed out for war."

Senator Sumner, says the Washington correspondent of the Syracuse *Standard*, did not appear in the Senate Chamber until after the adjournment, when he was most cordially greeted by his friends on the Republican side of the Chamber, which is on the left of the Vice President, or on the east. Parties are arranged in the same way in the House; that is, the Republicans are on the left of the Speaker, or on the west side of the hall.

Herr Driesbach, the lion-tamer, has given a certificate to R. C. Russ, editor of the Brownsville (Kentucky) *Journal*, stating that he is the only man in the country, excepting those engaged in taming wild animals, who has had the nerve to follow him into the cage of the lion and take a seat on his back. The certificate to this effect was written by Mr. Russ while in the interesting situation referred to.

The *Tribune* says: "If Mr. Buchanan does not enjoy his politics he is in full enjoyment of his usual robust health. He rises early, reads the newspapers, breakfasts, transacts business, takes a walk, dines plainly, receives visitors, and goes to bed at ten o'clock. His niece, who presides over the household department, is 'at home' every Saturday to receive such ladies as may choose to call. There will soon be an evening reception once a fortnight, with the weekly official dinners. The diplomatic corps have already been around the table in the large dining-room; next in turn will come the Justices of the Superior Court, and then the Senators and Representatives, with the ladies accompanying them, thirty at a time."

The Paris correspondent of the *Express* writes: "Senator Seward the other day visited Compiègne, accompanied by the Count de Sartiges, who presented the Republican leader to the Emperor. The conversation turned upon Mr. Seward's approaching departure for America. 'I expect to sail on the 13th of December,' said Mr. S., 'unless a requisition from Governor Wise should take me to the United States before that time!'"

The *Lien* reports a curious sentence which has been passed at Unterwalden, Switzerland. One Melchoir Risi, accused of disturbing the public order, has been condemned to a month's imprisonment, and to a regular attendance for two years at the morning and afternoon religious services!

The Utica *Observer* of December 8th says: "Gerrit Smith continues to improve. We hear favorable reports of him to-day."

The Hon. Green Adams, Member of Congress from the Richmond, Hen., District, on Saturday night went to his law-office, in Barbourville, to get some papers which he desired to use, and, in groping for his candle and matches, he stumbled and fell upon one of the front posts of a chair, which had been broken and was sharp-pointed. The point penetrated his neck, immediately above the collar-bone, and his life for a considerable time was utterly despaired of.

When Governor Tallmadge came out to Fond du Lac, then a Territory, his new home was graced by several grown-up daughters. The Indians were "there and thereabout" at the time, and frequently were met by members of the Governor's family. It was an era in female dress when the bustle was a desired accession of grace and outline, but new to the aborigines. A grave old chief one day was asked what he thought of the Governor's daughters. "Pretty squaws; nice white squaws; pity 'um backs broke!" What would the old chief say now, in these modern days, of wide-spread crinoline?

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says: "I am desirous of adding a line in reference to Mr. Sickles, of New York, and particularly in regard to the universally accepted opinion that he is not spoken to by his fellow-members. It is quite true that there is very little disposition manifested by any of the representatives to establish intimate relations with Mr. Sickles; but justice to the man himself requires that I should state that he seems to invite no such relations. Every day, about fifteen minutes past twelve, when debate has begun, he walks in quietly from the side-door, and takes his seat on one of the sofas on the western side of the House, where, resting his head on his gloved hand, he remains seated, taking no part in the discussions—voting, when called upon, in a low voice. He dresses in exquisite taste, and has cultivated a large pair of brown whiskers. He seems conscious that public opinion is greatly against him; and although his bearing is full of his characteristic ease and coolness, it is singularly retiring and unobtrusive. Sitting in the gallery on Wednesday and Thursday, I noticed several of the leading members of the House going up to him, shaking hands with him, and passing on to their seats. I have not met Mr. Sickles, and therefore speak of him simply as an observer."

In the Massachusetts House of Representatives, last week, the resolve for the payment of the expenses attending the inauguration of the Webster statue being under consideration, Mr. Hinckley, of Barnstable, moved to amend by providing that there shall be neatly and legibly engraved upon the four sides of the pedestal certain extracts from the speeches of Mr. Webster, which he sent to the Chair. The extracts are of a strong anti-Slavery character, and are taken from the Plymouth speech of 1820, the speech on the Oregon Bill in 1848, and others. The amendment was ruled out.

No ex-President has ever lived in more studied retirement than Martin Van Buren. He is seldom away from his home, and never seems to covet attentions of any kind. On the 5th inst. he passed his seventy-seventh year. He is said to be writing a memoir of his times. It will, if truthful, reveal a great many curious chapters in the political history of the country.

The Washington correspondent of the *Herald*, under date of December 9, thus gives precision to the rumor of a reconciliation between Douglas and Buchanan:

"It is reported, and is not denied by the anti-Lecompton Democrats, that Mr. Douglas last evening obtained an interview with Mr. Buchanan for the purpose of reconciliation. One report is that the differences between them were settled by mutual agreement, and hence the boldness of Mr. Logan in the House to-day, in advocating Mr. Douglas as a true Democrat, which declaration was assented to by the Administration Democrats on the floor. But it is most likely that the report that Mr. Buchanan repulsed Douglas is true, from the fact that in an interview between certain gentlemen and the President yesterday, concerning the nomination of a Douglas Democrat in place of Mr. Cook, the Postmaster of Chicago, who is reported as a defaulter, Mr. Buchanan became quite indignant, and expressed the utmost scorn and contempt for Douglas, and refused for a moment to consent to the proposition, although some of the delegation who waited upon him were not only not Douglas Democrats, but influential merchants of the city of New York, and one was a conservative member of Congress."

While at Harper's Ferry, the gentlemen with Mrs. Brown made an investigation as to the disposition of the bodies of the insurgents killed at the invasion, in an effort to find the bodies of the two sons of Brown. They found that three of them had been thrown in one grave and nine in another, helter-skelter, and the top of the pile only covered by one foot of loose earth. The receptacles were opened, but it was found impossible to identify any of the bodies, and the effort to recover them was given up. The bodies will all, however, be taken up and given proper interment.

The wife of John Brown, on taking charge of the remains of her husband, stated that she designed conveying them home with as little publicity or delay as possible; and it appears that she has performed this voluntary promise with thorough good faith. "We may add," says the Washington *Star*, "that she has won the respect and regard of the entire South by the womanly delicacy and good sense she displayed while performing the duties of her trying mission."

Ex-President Pierce has purchased a tract of fifteen acres of land in Concord, New Hampshire, on which he intends to build a house next spring.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE APPROACHING CONGRESS.

A DISPATCH, dated at Paris on the 29th, says: "The letters of invitation to the Congress were dispatched today to the different Powers. The Congress will assemble in the early part of January next."

The correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the previous day, says: "Prince Metternich, the Austrian Embassador, had an interview this day with M. Walewski, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, in order to settle the last points at issue with respect to the Congress between Austria and France. These points appear to be now settled, and the remaining obstacles removed, so far as they affected those two Powers. The interview lasted so long that it was too late to introduce the modifications rendered necessary by recent events in Italy in the letters of convocation, or invitation, to the Powers interested. The letters will, no doubt, be dispatched to-morrow."

THE TREATY WITH AUSTRIA.

The *Moniteur* gives the text of the treaty concluded between France and Austria. It is as follows:

"His Majesty the Emperor of the French and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, desirous of putting an end to the calamities of the war, and to prevent the renewal of the complications which gave rise to it, by contributing to erect on solid and durable foundations the internal and external independence of Italy, have resolved to convert into a definitive treaty of peace the preliminaries signed by their hand at Villafranca. [Here follow the names and titles of the Zurich Plenipotentiaries.]

"*Art.* 1. There shall be in future peace and friendship between his Majesty the Emperor of the French and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, as also between their heirs and successors, their respective States and subjects forever.

"*Art.* 2. All prisoners of war shall be immediately returned on both sides.

"*Art.* 3. To attenuate the evils of war, an exception is made to the general law, and all Austrian vessels captured, and not yet condemned as prizes, shall be restored.

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THE BARGAIN ABOUT ITALY.

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"*Art.* 18. His Majesty the Emperor of the French and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria engage themselves to favor with all their efforts the creation of a Confederation between the Italian States, to be placed under the honorary presidency of the Holy Father, and the object of which would be to maintain the independence and the inviolability of the Confederated States, to assure the development of their moral and material interests, and to guarantee the internal and external safety of Italy by the existence of a federal army.

"Venetia, which remains placed under the Crown of his Imperial Royal and Apostolic Majesty, will form one of the States of this Confederation, and will participate in the obligations as well as in the privileges (*droits*) resulting from the federal pact, the clauses of which shall be determined by an assembly consisting of representatives of all Italian States.

"*Art.* 19. As the territorial delimitations (*circonscriptions*) of the independent States of Italy which took no part in the late war can not be changed except with the sanction of the Power that presided at their formation and acknowledged their existence, the rights of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the Duke of Modena, and the Duke of Parma are expressly reserved between the high contracting parties.

"*Art.* 20. Desirous of seeing the tranquillity of the States of the Church and the power of the Holy Father assured; convinced that such object could not be more efficaciously attained than by the adoption of a system suited to the wants of the populations and conformable to the generous intentions already manifested by the Sovereign Pontiff, his Majesty the Emperor of the French and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria will unite their efforts to obtain from his Holiness that the necessity of introducing into the administration of his States the reforms admitted as indispensable shall be taken into serious consideration by his Government."

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THE JOINT TREATIES.

The Piedmontese *Gazette*, of the 23d instant, publishes the text of the two treaties concluded at Zurich, as follows:

"Victor Emanuel II., by the Grace of God King of Sardinia, of Cyprus, and of Jerusalem, Duke of Savoy, of Genoa, Prince of Piedmont, etc., to all whom the present letters may concern, greeting.

"A treaty having been concluded between us and His Majesty the Emperor of the French, and signed by our respective Plenipotentiaries at Zurich on the 10th of November, 1859, with a view to consolidate our alliance and regulate, by a definitive agreement, the results of our participation in the late war, the tenor of which is as follows:

"In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, His Majesty the King of Sardinia, and His Majesty the Emperor of the French, wishing to consolidate their alliance, and regulate, by a definitive agreement, the results of our participation in the last war, have resolved to confirm (*consacrer*) by a treaty the dispositions of the preliminaries of Villafranca relative to the cession of Lombardy; to which purpose they appointed, as their Plenipotentiaries, for His Majesty the King of Sardinia, M. Francois Louis Chevalier des Ambrois de Nerache, etc., and the Chevalier Jocteau, etc.; for His Majesty the Emperor of the French, Baron de Bourqueney, etc., and the Marquis de Banneville, etc.

"*Art.* 1. By a treaty of this day's date, His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, having renounced, for himself and for all his descendants and successors, in favor of His Majesty the Emperor of the French, his claims (*droits*) and titles to Lombardy, His Majesty the Emperor of the French transfers to His Majesty the King of Sardinia the claims and titles which accrue to him in virtue of Article 4 of the above-quoted treaty, of which the tenor follows:

"His Majesty the Emperor of Austria renounces, for himself and for his successors, in favor of His Majesty the Emperor of the French, his claims and titles to Lombardy, with the exception of the fortresses of Peschiera and of Mantua, and of the territories determined by the new delimitation, which remain in the possession of His Imperial Royal Apostolic Majesty.

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"*Art.* 2. His Majesty the King of Sardinia, in taking possession of the territories ceded to him by His Majesty the Emperor of the French, accepts the charges and conditions attached to that cession, such as they are stipulated in articles 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16, of the treaty concluded under this day's date, between His Majesty the Emperor of the French and His Majesty the Emperor of Austria.

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FOOTING THE BILLS.

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"*Art.* 3. By the additional article of the treaty concluded under this day's date between His Majesty the Emperor of the French, and His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, the French Government having engaged itself toward the Austrian Government to make, on account of the new Government of Lombardy, the payment of 40,000,000 florins (*conventionsmünz*), stipulated by the seventh article of the above-mentioned treaty, His Majesty, the King of Sardinia, in consequence of the obligations which he has accepted by the preceding article, engages himself to refund that sum to France in the following manner:

"The Sardinian Government will hand over to the Government of the Emperor of the French Sardinian scrip of 5 per cent. rentes to bearer to the amount of 100,000,000 francs; the French Government takes them at the average rate of exchange of the Paris Bourse of the 29th of October, 1859. The interest of this scrip will be in favor of France, when handed over within one month after ratifications of the present treaty.

"*Art.* 4. To diminish the expenses incurred by the French Government during the late war the Government of His Majesty the King of Sardinia engages to pay to the Government of his Majesty the Emperor of the French the sum of 60,000,000 francs, for the payment of which a 5 per cent. rente of 3,000,000 francs will be inscribed on the ledger of the public debt of Sardinia. The scrip will be handed over to the French Government, which accepts it at par. The interest on this scrip will be in favor of France when it is handed over, within one month after the exchange of the ratifications."

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THE PRINCE A BOY AFTER ALL.

At one of the festivities at Compiègne the little Prince Imperial was charged with a small versification in honor of the occasion, to repeat to his Imperial mamma; but his courage was stronger than his memory, and to the horror of his *gouvernante*, who had been laboring most zealously to prime him, the moment the bold *Caporal* opened his mouth his charge hung fire, and so, heroically pitching over the well-rammed conditions of his instructress, the little fellow at once flung himself into his mother's arms, and, after his own fashion, made a much more complimentary address than any which the most gifted teacher could have furnished him with.

ITALY.

THE REGENCY.

A dispatch, dated at Turin on the 28th, says: "The Piedmontese Government has received no communication intimating the opposition of Austria to the Congress on account of the nomination of M. Buoncompagni to the Regency of Central Italy. The difficulties made by Tuscany in the delegation of the Regency to M. Buoncompagni have not yet been settled. M. Desambrois will leave for Paris in the first days of December."

The difficulties between France and Austria, raised by the delegation of the Regency of Central Italy to M. Buoncompagni, are not yet removed.

SPAIN.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

A dispatch dated Madrid, Saturday, November 26, evening, says: "Yesterday more than 4000 Moors attacked for the third time the redoubt before Serolla, and were repulsed. Their defeat was complete. The Spanish troops showed great bravery during this engagement. The expeditionary *corps d'armée* is crossing the Straits; fresh regiments have disembarked at Ceuta.

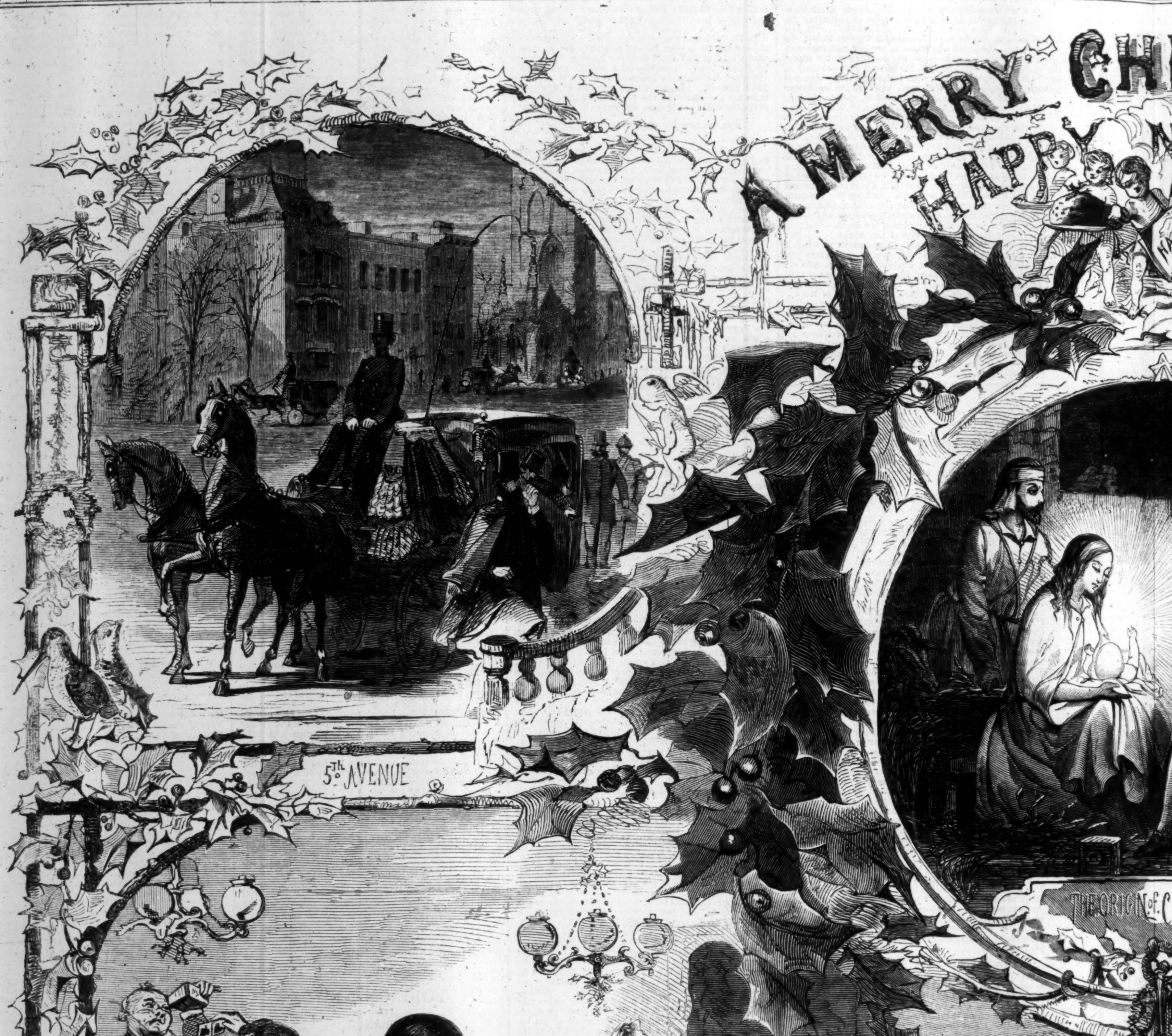
"The Bank of Barcelona has offered the Spanish Government an advance of 5,000,000 reals without interest for all the time the war with Morocco might last."

INDIA.

IS NENA SAHIB DEAD?

The *Times* Calcutta correspondent says: "Reports, one of them official, announcing the death of Nena, have been received in Calcutta from Katinangoo. They were not believed. According to the latest accounts he was levying recruits on our frontier, and threatening to annihilate Lucknow. He has about 6000 men with him."

The same correspondent says: "A story is circulating here, apparently derived from a Chinese pamphlet translated in the *Northern Bee*, which attributes to the Cabinet of Pekin an idea of invading India."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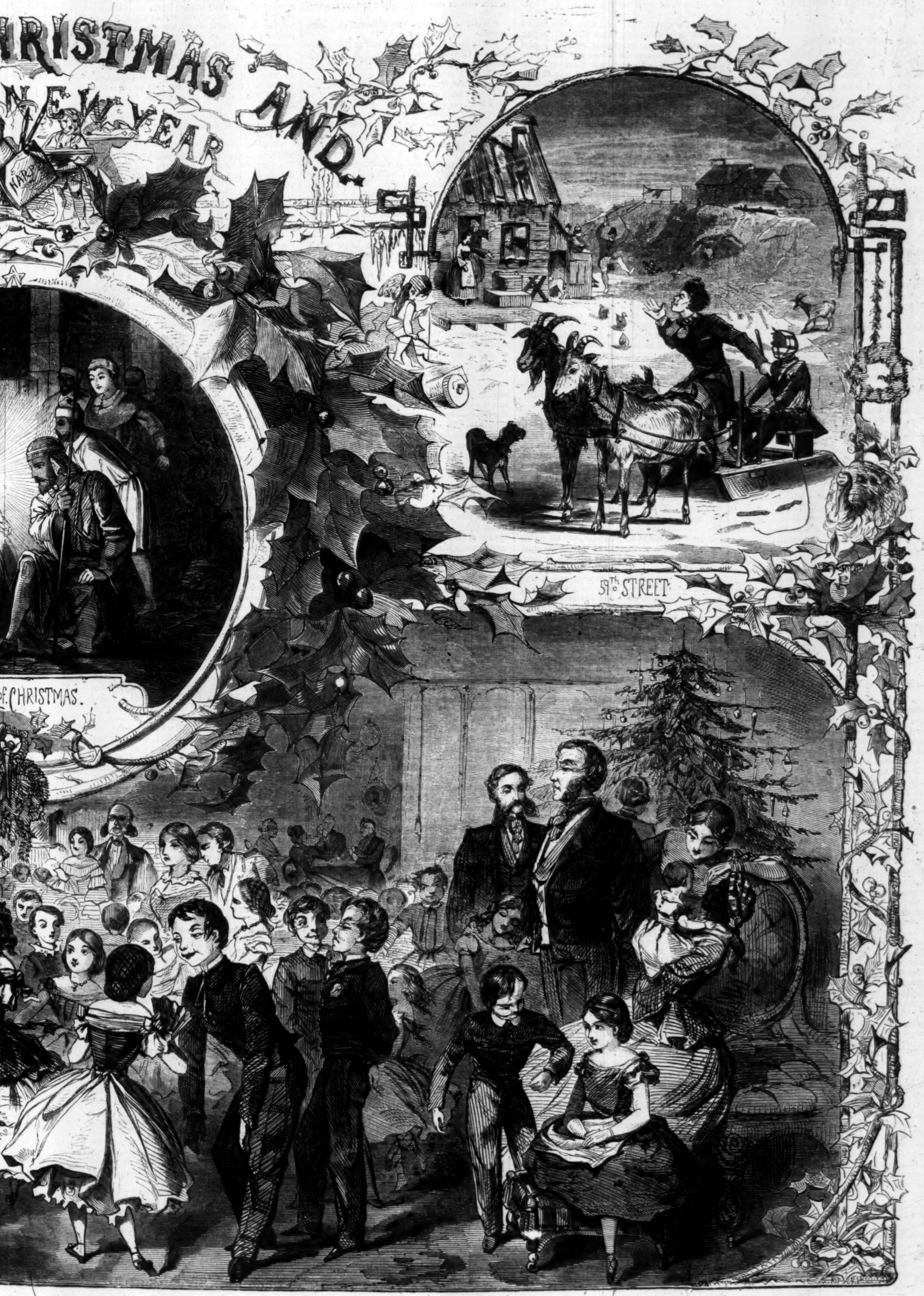

HRISTMAS AND
NEW YEAR
59th STREET
f CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

Oh, such a wee little stocking
As Clare by the fireside hung
When the Christmas-eve fire was waning,
And the Christmas-eve hymn was sung;
Oh, such a wee little stocking,
So dainty, so snowily white,
That she hung on a branch of green holly
Ere bidding us all "Good-night!"

II.

What shall I put in her stocking?
Some pleasant book?—or a rhyme?
Shall I write her a precious lyric
Of love and the holiday time?
No: books are better for scholars—
At best they are silent friends;
My rhymes, alas! they are many,
But there their virtue ends.

III.

Then what shall I put in the stocking
That the hazel-eyed maiden hung
On the twig of red-berried holly
When the Christmas-eve hymn was sung?
Let me put my heart in the stocking—
A fitting gift it would be;
But my heart—it is large—it is boundless—
And the stocking is dainty and wee!

IV.

Well, here is the ring on my finger,
I've worn it for many a year;
'Twas the gift of an ancient comrade
Whose memory I hold dear.
But nothing on earth I treasure
So much but that she might say,
"Oh, give me this if you love me!"
And bear it—a trophy—away.

V.

So I drop my ring in the stocking—
She knows it is mine, full well
(Good comrade, I prithee, forgive me!)—
None other my love could tell:
I drop my ring in the stocking,
So dainty, so snowy, so small—
Oh, Clare, as I cherish and love thee,
May God love and cherish us all!

VI.

Ah me! my heart is boundless,
The stocking is dainty and wee;
But love has a wonderful magic,
And wonderful power on me.
When I dropped my ring in the stocking,
Breathing that earnest prayer,
My heart went in with the jewel,
A present for maiden Clare!

ITEM: ONE PAIR OF BLUE EYES.

WHOEVER cares to get at the balance of this inventory of charms, eke the property of one Lizzy Albertson, but now some time in the care and guardianship of one George Markham, artist, must read this story through to the end. I have not yet determined at what point therein Miss Lizzie shall come upon the stage.

Six years ago my school friend, George Markham, returned to our little New England city, his birth-place and early home, after an absence of many years in Italy, devoted to the study of his chosen profession—painting.

He left us a thoughtful, quiet boy of seventeen. He returned a man of twenty-six, bearded, mustached, sun-burned, grave, but gentle still.

George was left an orphan at the age of seven, and was at that time adopted into the family of a maternal uncle—a worthy and large-hearted ship-carpenter, who, though he had a growing family of his own to provide for, could not see the poor little boy thrown helpless upon the tender mercies of strangers. This uncle, by name Williams, gave to George such an education as was within his limited means; gave him shelter, food, and clothing; and seeing the boy's decided aversion to the avuncular trade of ship-building, and his just as decided bent for drawing and sketching, was kind enough not to oppose him too strongly, but permitted him to devote his scant pocket-money and spare hours to a resident master of design, who carried his pupil quickly through the elements of outline, shading, and perspective, and there left him to shift for himself—that being, in fact, as far as he could carry him.

At fourteen George entered a "store" as clerk. On his seventeenth birthday he started for Italy, with bright hopes, a scanty wardrobe, a few Italian and English books, and the immense sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, the savings of his young lifetime, whereupon to live out the weary days of his novitiate in art.

Arrived in Rome, he went earnestly to work. His letters spoke little, even of his hopes, but they were never gloomy. Besides amusing descriptions of the strange sights and people he met (scraps of which from time to time gained admission to the columns of our weekly paper, to honest Mrs. Williams's great disgust), and enthusiastic words on the wonders of art with which he was delighting and instructing himself, there was very little. Nothing, in fact, except, in his letters to Mr. Williams, always an assurance that he was conscientiously using his opportunities, and that he hoped by-and-by to accomplish something—which last was so modestly vague that I fear it gained him little credit with any one but Mrs. Williams, who in her secret heart firmly believed him a budding Michael Angelo. Good woman!

How he lived through those days—this young art-student—I have never discovered. Two hundred and fifty dollars could not hold out forever even in the *Eternal* City; and what came after I can not imagine—never, thank fortune! having been at Rome or an art-student myself. Doubtless there was earnest and honest and modest endeavor, cheered by the sometimes faint but never-silent voice within which assures the man that he has found his vocation in life. I fancy Providence somehow watches over these young ones, who, full of faith—and incipient good works, let us say—so ingenuously thrust themselves into places where there would seem to be no openings, of the better sort, for young men. I suspect that George was oftentimes inconveniently near starving, and had long need of a new coat ere he got it. But these are by-gones: fears whose season is past; clouds whose storms but aided to ripen the hopes of those days into the fair fruition of these.

George did not starve; and he *did* become so far proficient in his art as by-and-by to attract the attention of the picture buyers. Presently some liberal-hearted Americans gave him orders which enabled him to work more at ease. Great again was honest Mrs. Williams's joy when so much of young Markham's success was heralded to the town in our newly-established *Daily*, that big-typed messenger of stale news.

Nine years were passed when George returned to us, having achieved during his long absence, as in part beforementioned, much hair, some reputation, and a very pretty little account at the "Whalemen's Security Bank," part of which last he devoted, as was right, to canceling the pecuniary portion of his boyhood's debt to good Uncle Williams, while the balance was quite sufficient to warrant him in lying on his oars for a summer, enjoying a holiday he had fairly earned.

Now our town is a place famous for summer amusements—bathing, boating, fishing, idling, flirting, picnicking, what not. There are plenty of ways and means to kill time and spend money, as sundry merchants of your great Gotham know to their cost, whose wives and daughters rustle and rusticate among us annually, pending the expiration of Mr. Meriam's heated term. George, of course, spent the summer with us. During his absence the little town had grown, after the manner of American towns, to be nearly a city; many of its worthy citizens had become wealthy and fashionable. To their credit be it said, that George, who had by no means been forgotten, was one of the fashions of the season. His studio, where he had unrolled a few of his paintings, and set up his modest collection of souvenirs of travel, was quite a place of pilgrimage, and fairer pilgrims, or more admiring, sure no lucky young bachelor hermit could ask. Invitations to boating and fishing parties, to picnics, to tea (we do not give dinners), were showered upon him; and wherever he showed his quiet, jolly old mug he was hailed by friends. My friend was not a hero—only a quiet, good-hearted young fellow; but he would have been a brute had he not seen and enjoyed the liking of his townsmen.

Being now, as I have said, in his twenty-seventh year, and having the proper and natural longing for domestic happiness, a hearth of his own, *et cetera*, it seemed to me that this was the time for George, as a reasonable man, to choose him a wife. Moreover, being an artist, no very lucrative profession at best, and having his own bread to earn and way to make, I, who am a lawyer (I have handed my business card to the editor of this journal, and will be most happy to attend to any business in my line with promptness and dispatch), I, who am, I trust, a sensible man, thought it clearly his duty, other things being equal, to marry some young woman with a portion of her own.

With these views of life, and my love for George, I did not behold without a certain degree of dismay the establishment of an atrocious flirtation between my friend and a young woman of my acquaintance, the Lizzy Albertson before named, who therefore comes now upon the stage. Lizzy, a great pet of my wife's, and much at our house, was a charming girl, bright, graceful, fair-haired, and blue-eyed; an orphan and penniless, being dependent upon an uncle, who could bestow upon her nothing more substantial than a fatherly affection, her education, and a home. A sweet little girl, who had so many faults that no one of the friends who petted her but also gave her good advice; and yet so perfect that no man but a fool would have risked his soul by tinkering at her, or in any way trying to amend her. One can not help feeling a great pity for this one, at least, of the many products of our republican school system, which so democratically jumbles together poor and rich; but while thus establishing a common bond between the social extremes, is, I fear, more apt to affect the poor girl with aristocratic tastes than to infuse republican simplicity into the hearts and minds of the wealthier. Looking at Lizzy, one was tempted to echo Mr. Harold Skimpole's buoyant wish that "there might be no brambles of sordid realities in such a path as that. It should be strewn with roses; it should lie through bowers where there was no spring, autumn, nor winter, but perpetual summer. Age or change should never wither it. The base word, Money, should never be breathed near it."

If George had been a rich man, here, I think, had been a wife just suited to him. But not for a *poor* fellow! and this I determined to tell him.

It is but fair to say that, on communicating my views to my wife, that exemplary matron declined utterly to look at the matter with me; declaring bluntly that people ought to trust a little, in such cases, to Providence, the world ("which is good enough in the main," said this unsophisticated woman), and to themselves. Attempting, moreover, to clench her sophistries by asking if I, the reader's humble servant, "thought of such things when courting her?"

"My dear young friend," said I, entering the studio, where George sat in blissful contemplation of his cigar-smoke, "I understand you are making up to that Lizzy Albertson." I opened the case in this wise, in order, if possible, to take the witness by surprise.

"Well?" said George, very little ruffled, I must confess.

"It is *not* well; she's poor," said I, righteously scorning all subterfuge, and coming at once to the point.

"Well?"

She's a dear, frail, unsophisticated creature, who will make some wealthy man a happy wife if he has a heart big enough for her. She is bright and cheery, and thoroughly good; but she has not strength enough to struggle with poverty and adversity. You will only tie your hands. You ought to do better.

"Bosh!"

Now came my last and best shot.

"And so ought Lizzy. Such as she are meant to enjoy, not to help accumulate. With a husband who can afford to cherish and indulge her, she will live her natural life out. With you—poor fellow! —why, it's positively selfish in you to ask her to be your wife."

George was not much of a mathematician, but he had studied Euclid enough to know that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

"That looks fair," said he, in reply to my last. "I'll go over and ask her about it."

Will you believe it? The fellow actually went over to my house, stated the case honorably to Miss Lizzy, and (of course!) was accepted!

That was the end of *my* match-making. They were married at the beginning of winter, and immediately removed to New York, that centre of art and money. Up to their wedding-day I ceased not to warn both parties to this rash wooing; to lecture them on economy and self-denial; to alarm them by eloquent pictures of the miseries of poverty. But what availed my croakings when their hearts were filled with love-illumined pictures of the future—sketches drawn by Cupid's own master-hand? To such young people as these life seems to promise every thing, and the problem of happiness and fortune is solved before it is read. What dreams they dreamed! Of a neat cottage home of their own, where the taste and industry of the wife should make up for all monetary deficiencies in the husband; of a quiet and obscure life, wherein these two love-stricken souls should be a happy all in all to each other; of the great master-piece, already sketched in thought, by which George should achieve fame and wealth, as it were, at one stroke of the brush; of a consequent tour through Europe, revisiting, with her he loved best, the long-familiar scenes and life of Italy; a well-earned competence to settle down to, in old age, among congenial spirits! What avails the rehearsal? Have we not all alike dreamed such dreams and seen such visions?

So they removed to New York, where George set up his studio and divided his hours of leisure between his wife and the master-piece, which last had got little farther yet than the mind of the painter. For to produce this master-piece needs not only will but thought, experience, study; for which, indeed, are they not the component parts of all true genius? Here George worked out happier days than in that bitter struggle of his youth he had ever hoped to see. The man who has a vocation he loves, and can afford to work at it; who has a wife he loves, and a home which she makes cheerful; who has youth, health, a good name, and a rising reputation in his profession—surely this man need ask no more of the gods?

In our day, the theory of so-called respectable American city life is, that every man of family has an income of at least five thousand a year; the practice is, to "board" and sponge on the hospitalities of your friends for society until you move into your brown stone front. Wherefore Mr. and Mrs. George Markham, having "moved" into New York, had my hearty approval when they moved out of it and into a modest country cottage, where, as he remarked, he and his Lizzy could "make as much noise as they pleased," which was, to be sure, an important consideration. Here the young wife, thrown upon her own resources for house management, came out in a triumphant way, which proves to me that it is no easy matter for stupid teachers, and a more stupid system of society, to spoil a genuine woman.

To say no more of society, our lovers—that is to say, George and his Lizzy—were established in their country cottage, which my wife, having paid it a visit of inspection, pronounced a kind of terrestrial paradise, without serpent or forbidden fruit.

In the winter of 1855 Mr. and Mrs. Williams, George's uncle and aunt, sailed for the West Indies on a health trip. The children, four in number (the eldest two had died years before), were placed at various schools until their parents' return —all except Ruth, the youngest, who came to George. The vessel in which the parents sailed has never been heard from. Weeks and months elapsed without news from the absent; and at last, late in spring, when it was but too certain that, in the bitter storms of that winter, the ill-fated bark had gone down, it became necessary to do something for the future of the orphaned children. Mr. Williams was thought well-to-do; but when all was settled, there was found to be nothing left. What was to become of them?

Of course it was a great and unexpected misfortune; and every body felt excessively sorry for the poor things whose future was thus so strangely overcast with woe, if not with want. But then sympathy don't fill the stomachs or clothe the backs of orphans—more's the pity! and with all our sorrow these might have been put on the street had not George at once made up his mind to care for them as for his own flesh and blood, rightly conceiving this a proper return for the obligations conferred upon his own childhood.

But how? The scant income of a young artist makes but a sparing pot of his own to boil. Whence will come the means to pay butcher's and baker's, tailor's, shoemaker's, and teacher's bills adequate to the furnishing of these four young stomachs, backs, and brains? Has any one who reads this experienced the almost hopeless and helpless despair of a conscientious man who sees suddenly looming up before him some great *duty*, seemingly impossible of fulfillment? A rock not to be avoided, but on which the poor mariner thinks surely to make shipwreck? Only one who has known this bitter experience can appreciate the state of mind in which my poor friend found himself while thus divided between duty and—duty.

On one side *Conscience:* "You owe every thing to the parents of these children. Dare you see them suffer?"

To which *Expediency:* "But you have your wife, and, in the early future, your child. There lies your first duty. And have you not paid abundantly, in hard-earned money, this debt of yours?"

Conscience: "*Was* your debt to be paid with money?"

Expediency: "But your wife—your future? *Can* you discharge this duty, if duty it be?"

Conscience (troublesome as ever, and determined —she is a woman—to have the last word): "A *man* can always do his duty."

"I sat and tore my hair and puzzled my brain about the matter—reproached myself for having married—begrudged myself the short happiness of my married life—thought you, my prudent friend, a very Solomon of wisdom, and myself a donkey that I had not seen as you did—when suddenly two white arms encircled my neck, and the dearest eyes in the world looked hope into mine. 'I think, my dear, you had better go on to-morrow and bring back the children. All will be ready for them when you get them here. Now drive away the clouds from your face. I know you have been wishing me back into my girlhood, and all sorts of horrid things, and I should deserve it all if I stood for a moment between you and honest duty. Let us work together, my dear husband, and courage! Don't forget that there is a Providence. Did I not promise to be a helper to you?' And with such words of holiest comfort to my heart, my dear one ran off to get dinner on the table. That settled the matter," said George, repeating his wife's words with tears in his honest eyes.

The children came to George. The little cottage, which seemed before hardly big enough to contain themselves, suddenly proved equal to the accommodation of all the new-comers. They did not starve, as George had half imagined they would; indeed that witch of all witches, Mrs. George, by some potent sorcery made her allowance hold out nearly as well as before. "And really you have no idea, Mr. Smith," said she to me, not long after, "how much they help me about the house. Active little bodies, they do a hundred things for me, and gladly, which would cost me worlds of trouble otherwise. I love them as though they were our own; and they fill the house —and indeed the whole garden—with the cheerful music of their childish prattle and laughter. I'm sure I could not do without them; and then," winking demurely at her husband, "I tell George we've got them at a great bargain, for they have all had the measles and hooping-cough."

Having now really begun to do this plain but hard duty, if I were merely inventing a pretty story, I think I should at this stage of the proceedings let some rich curmudgeon of an uncle die, full of years and dollars, and will a fortune to the most deserving of heroes and heroines. But the providence of story-tellers differs somewhat from the Providence of God. Man is glad to take the will for the deed; but God accepts the honest sacrifice, and divinely turns it to the giver's greatest good. There has intervened in the present case, I am sorry to say, no rich uncle or other pecuniary convenience. I have to report that it has required no little contriving on the part of Mrs. George, and no slight labor on that of her husband, to duly join together the financial ends. I am not sure but George had a new coat oftener in his early days, in Italy even, than he has now; and my wife tells me (in strictest confidence) that poor Mrs. George has not had a new silk dress in nearly three years! It took the entire savings of two long years to purchase what the little woman liked better, a piano, which looks rather out of place, though, in their little cottage, until you hear Lizzy playing. In fact, though they have managed to keep body and soul together, and are somehow a confoundedly jolly family, my wife and I agree that they have had monstrous difficulties to contend with, and find no rule to account for their happiness. They do not seem to mind though. I do not know a more blithe or cheerful little woman than Lizzy, who goes singing up and down the house all day, in very vulgar good health (not being able to afford a doctor), with cheeks the color of the reddest peony in her garden. As for George, high art was too high for him, and he has taken to painting portraits, which he does so well, and with so pleasing a grace (as though the highest aspiration of his soul was satisfied in taking off the pimply nose of Mr. Alderman Bloggs), that if the days should happen to grow double their length this coming summer, I am sure all his hours would be filled with sitters.

And the master-piece? Well, the master-piece is laid over. Many a good man and true, in this world, can not spare time from his bread-and-butter work for the master-piece. And the world jogs on all the same; as though master-pieces were of but little importance—which I sometimes think is very nearly the case.

And Italy? Kind reader, I am sorry; I do not think little Lizzy will ever see Italy, nor George ever show her the scenes of his early fears, hopes, and triumphs. They have their hopes and their plans; but there are disappointments in all lives; and that man is to be pitied who thinks to do a real duty without sacrificing something. Lizzy will scarcely see Italy; but Harry Williams goes to college next year, fully prepared, and Jeannette, his eldest sister, is head of her class in the best girls' school in the country. Tommy and Ruth will take their turns in time; and to them will probably succeed a couple of youngsters whose laughing brown eyes Lizzy would not give for a dozen Italies.

When I read sometimes, in my morning paper, of the gay parties and fine winter doings in Washington and elsewhere, where the American citizen drinks deep at the fountain of social pleasure—when my friends boast of American beauty or grace abroad—when I think of the many joys society and the great world holds out to one who has not only a beautiful face but a good heart and a bright spirit; reading of these things, I sometimes think longingly of our little Blue Eyes, with her eager enjoyment of life, her fine brave spirits, and keen appreciation of all innocent pleasures and all beautiful things. These might have been hers too, I say to myself; she would have shone among the fairest and brightest. None would have more enjoyed, none would have better graced such scenes as these.

But, on the whole, do you pity her, reader?

NICK.

A CHILD'S STORY.

THERE dwelt in a small village, not a thousand miles from fairy-land, a poor man, who had no family to labor for or friend to assist. When I call him poor, you must not suppose he was a homeless wanderer, trusting to charity for a night's lodging; on the contrary, his stone house, with its green veranda and flower-garden, was the prettiest and snuggest in all the place, the doctor's only excepted. Neither was his store of provisions running low: his farm supplied him with milk, eggs, mutton, butter, poultry, and cheese in abundance; his fields with hops and barley for beer, and wheat for bread; his orchard with fruit and cider, and his kitchen-garden with vegetables and wholesome herbs. He had, moreover, health, an appetite to enjoy all these good things, and strength to walk about his possessions. No; I call him poor because, with all these, he was discontented and envious. It was in vain that his apples were the largest for miles around, if his neighbor's vines were the most productive by a single bunch; it was in vain that his lambs were fat and thriving, if some one else's sheep bore twins: so, instead of enjoying his own prosperity, and being glad when his neighbors prospered too, he would sit grumbling and bemoaning himself as if every other man's riches were his poverty. And thus it was that one day our friend Nick leaned over Giles Hodge's gate, counting his cherries.

"Yes," he muttered, "I wish I were sparrows to eat them up, or a blight to kill your fine trees altogether."

The words were scarcely uttered when he felt a tap on his shoulder, and, looking round, perceived a little rosy woman no bigger than a butterfly, who held her tiny fist clenched in a menacing attitude. She looked scornfully at him, and said: "Now listen, you churl you; henceforward you shall straightway become every thing you wish; only, mind you must remain under one form for at least an hour." Then she gave him a slap in the face which made his cheek tingle as if a bee had stung him, and disappeared with just so much sound as a dew-drop makes in falling.

Nick rubbed his cheek in a pet, pulling wry faces and showing his teeth. He was boiling over with vexation, but dared not vent it in words lest some unlucky wish should escape him. Just then the sun seemed to shine brighter than ever, the wind blew spicy from the south; all Giles's roses looked redder and larger than before, while his cherries seemed to multiply, swell, ripen. He could refrain no longer, but, heedless of the fairy-gift he had just received, exclaimed, "I wish I were sparrows, eating—" No sooner said than done; in a moment he found himself a whole flight of hungry birds, pecking, devouring, and bidding fair to devastate the envied cherry-trees. But honest Giles was on the watch hard by; for that very morning it had struck him he must make nets for the protection of his fine fruit. Forthwith he ran home, and speedily returned with a revolver furnished with quite a marvelous array of barrels. Pop, bang—pop, bang! he made short work of the sparrows, and soon reduced the enemy to one crest-fallen biped with broken leg and wing, who limped to hide himself under a holly-bush. But though the fun was over, the hour was not; so Nick must needs sit out his allotted time. Next a pelting shower came down, which soaked him through his torn ruffled feathers; and then, exactly as the last drops fell and the sun came out with a beautiful rainbow, a tabby cat pounced upon him. Giving himself up for lost, he chirped in desperation, "Oh, I wish I were a dog to worry you!" Instantly—for the hour was just passed—in the grip of his horrified adversary, he shook himself, a savage bull-dog. A shake, a deep bite, and poor puss was out of her pain. Nick, with immense satisfaction, tore her fur to bits, wishing he could, in like manner, exterminate all her progeny. At last, glutted with vengeance, he lay down beside his victim, curled his tail about his legs, and fell asleep.

Now that tabby cat was the property and special pet of no less a personage than the doctor's lady; so when dinner-time came, and not the cat, a general consternation pervaded the household. The kitchens were searched, the cellars, the attics; every apartment was ransacked; even the watch-dog's kennel was visited. Next the stable was rummaged; then the hay-loft; lastly, the bereaved lady wandered disconsolately through her own private garden into the shrubbery, calling, "Puss, puss!" and looking so intently up the trees as not to perceive what lay close before her feet. Thus it was that unawares she stumbled over Nick, and trod upon his tail.

Up jumped our hero, snarling, biting, and rushing at her with such blind fury as to miss his aim. She ran, he ran. Gathering up his strength, he took a flying-leap after his victim; her foot caught in the spreading root of an oak-tree; she fell, and he went over her head, clear over, into a bed of stinging-nettles. Then she found breath to raise that fatal cry, "Mad dog!" Nick's blood curdled in his veins. He would have slunk away if he could; but already a stout laboring-man, to whom he had done many an ill turn in the time of his humanity, had spied him, and, bludgeon in hand, was preparing to give chase. However, Nick had the start of him, and used it too; while the lady, far behind, went on vociferating, "Mad dog, mad dog!" inciting doctor, servants, and vagabonds to the pursuit. Finally the whole village came pouring out to swell the hue and cry.

The dog kept ahead gallantly, distancing more and more the asthmatic doctor, fat Giles, and, in fact, all his pursuers except the bludgeon-bearing laborer, who was just near enough to persecute his tail. Nick knew the magic hour must be almost over, and so kept forming wish after wish as he ran—that he were a viper only to get trodden on, a thorn to run into some one's foot, a man-trap in the path, even the detested bludgeon to miss its aim and break. This wish crossed his mind at the propitious moment; the bull-dog vanished; and the laborer, overreaching himself, fell flat on his face, while his weapon struck deep into the earth and snapped.

A strict search was instituted after the missing dog, but without success. During two whole days the village children were exhorted to keep in-doors and beware of dogs; on the third an inoffensive cur was hanged, and the panic subsided.

Meanwhile the laborer, with his shattered stick, walked home in silent wonder, pondering on the mysterious disappearance. But the puzzle was beyond his solution; so he only made up his mind not to tell his wife the whole story till after tea. He found her preparing for that meal, the bread and cheese set out, and the kettle singing softly on the fire. "Here's something to make the kettle boil, mother," said he, thrusting our hero between the bars and seating himself; "for I'm mortal tired and thirsty."

Nick crackled and blazed away cheerfully, throwing out bright sparks and lighting up every corner of the little room. He toasted the cheese to a nicety, made the kettle boil without spilling a drop, set the cat purring with comfort, and illuminated the pots and pans into splendor. It was provocation enough to be burned; but to contribute by his misfortune to the well-being of his tormentors was still more aggravating. He heard, too, all their remarks and wonder about the supposed mad dog, and saw the doctor's lady's own maid bring the laborer five shillings as a reward for his exertions. Then followed a discussion as to what should be purchased with the gift, till at last it was resolved to have their best window glazed with real glass. The prospect of their grandeur put the finishing-stroke to Nick's indignation. Sending up a sudden flare, he wished with all his might that he were fire to burn the cottage.

Forthwith the flame leaped higher than ever flame leaped before. It played for a moment about a ham, and smoked it thoroughly; then, fastening on the wood-work above the chimney-corner, flashed full into a blaze. The laborer ran for help, while his wife, a timid woman with three small children, overturned two pails of water on the floor and set the beer-tap running. This done, she hurried, wringing her hands, to the door, and threw it wide open. The sudden draught of air did more mischief than all Nick's malice, and fanned him into quite a conflagration. He danced upon the rafters, melted a pewter-pot and a pat of butter, licked up the beer, and was just making his way toward the bedroom, when through the thatch and down the chimney came a rush of water. This arrested his progress for the moment; and before he could recover himself, a second and a third discharge from the enemy completed his discomfiture. Reduced ere long to one blue flame, and entirely surrounded by a wall of wet ashes, Nick sat and smouldered; while the good-natured neighbors did their best to remedy the mishap—saved a small remnant of beer, assured the laborer that his landlord was certain to do the repairs, and observed that the ham would "eat beautiful."

Our hero now had leisure for reflection. His situation precluded all hope of doing farther mischief; and the disagreeable conviction kept forcing itself upon his mind that, after all, he had caused more injury to himself than to any of his neighbors. So he began thinking over all his acquaintances, their fortunes and misfortunes, and having weighed well their several claims on his preference, ended by wishing himself the rich old man who lived in a handsome house just beyond the turnpike. In this wish he burned out.

The last glimmer had scarcely died away, when Nick found himself in a bed hung round with faded curtains, and occupying the centre of a large room. A night-lamp burning on the chimney-piece just enabled him to discern a few shabby old articles of furniture, a scanty carpet, and some writing materials on a table. These looked, somewhat dreary; but for his comfort he felt an inward consciousness of a goodly money-chest stowed away under his bed, and of sundry precious documents hidden in a secret cupboard in the wall.

So he lay very cosily, and listened to the clock ticking, the mice squeaking, and the house-dog barking down below. This was, however, but a drowsy occupation; and he soon bore witness to its somniferous influence by sinking into a fantastic dream about his money-chest. First it was broken open, then shipwrecked, then burned; lastly, some men in masks, whom he knew instinctively to be his own servants, began dragging it away. Nick started up, clutched hold of something in the dark, found his dream true, and the next moment was stretched on the floor—lifeless, yet not insensible—by a heavy blow from a crowbar.

The men now proceeded to secure their booty, leaving our hero where he fell. They carried off the chest, broke open and ransacked the secret closet, overturned the furniture to make sure that no hiding-place of treasure escaped them, and at length, whispering together, left the room. Nick felt quite discouraged by his ill success, and now entertained only one wish—that he were himself again. Yet even this wish gave him some anxiety; for he feared that if the servants returned and found him in his original shape they might take him for a spy, and murder him in downright earnest. While he lay thus cogitating, two of the men reappeared bearing a shutter and some tools. They lifted him up, laid him on the shutter, and carried him out of the room, down the back-stairs, through a long vaulted passage, into the open air. No word was spoken; but Nick knew they were going to bury him.

An utter horror seized him, while at the same time he felt a strange consciousness that his hair would not stand on end because he was dead. The men set him down, and began in silence to dig his grave. It was soon ready to receive him; they threw the body roughly in, and cast upon it the first shovelful of earth.

But the moment of deliverance had arrived. His wish suddenly found vent in a prolonged unearthly yell. Damp with evening dew, pale as death, and shivering from head to foot, he sat bolt upright, with large staring eyes and chattering teeth. The murderers, in mortal fear, cast down their tools, plunged deep into a wood hard by, and were never heard of more.

Under cover of night Nick made the best of his way home, silent and pondering. Next morning he gave Giles Hodge a rare tulip-root, with full directions for rearing it; he sent the doctor's wife a Persian cat twice the size of her lost pet; the laborer's cottage was repaired, his window glazed, and his beer-barrel replaced by unknown agency: and when a vague rumor reached the village that the miser was dead, that his ghost had been heard bemoaning itself, and that all his treasures had been carried off, our hero was one of the few persons who did not say, "Served him right."

Finally, Nick was never again heard to utter a wish.

LITTLE ALICE ON A SPREE.

BY L. R. PEET.

"CATCH it for me, mother!
Oh, the pretty thing!
Try to catch that other
With the golden wing.
What's their name, I wonder?
Is it 'butterfly?'
Do they live up yonder,
Snowing from the sky?

"Hear that in the tree there;
Hear it in the bush;
Let me me go and see there;
I will catch it—hush!
Oh! it flew away, ma,
And its laugh I heard:
Why wouldn't it stay, ma,
And be my pretty bird?

"How the wind does kiss me!
Do you feel it, too?
Does it love to kiss me,
Mother, as you do?
Oh, I smell the posies!
Somewhere they must be.
Mother, get me roses—
Through the fence there, see!

"Why, my mother? tell me,
Is the fence too high?
Would the old man sell me
Some, if I could buy?
Oh! I love them so, ma,
Must I let them be?
Why do flowers grow, ma,
Not for you and me?

"I'll go home to dolly, now;
But I will not wake her:
You shall tell me, mother, how
A pretty dress I'll make her.
If she wakes and naughty is,
Why, I'll shake or chide her;
Then her pretty face I'll kiss
And go to sleep beside her."

MY FRIEND FRED'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

GIFT THE FIRST.

THAT was in the morning of life—we are both old now, and the rays slant toward night. It is Christmas-eve as I write, and I sit in the same old home. To the right is the rectory, and beyond is the little Gothic church. The long, pointed windows of the sanctuary are gleaming with the cold glare of moonlight, but the graves are covered with new-fallen snow—a spotless mantle, broken here and there by a tombstone, on which the waving willows throw shadowy, spectral epitaphs. In heaven there is no music, no rustling of the angels' wings; but the myriad starry faces are still there, watching, as they did of old, above the hills of Bethlehem. The living dream, the dead sleep, the earth is at rest, on this the Birth-night; the living and dead universe are covered with the light of His smile, and lie rapt in hope. The tiny brain of man, not conscious of the inner glory, is busy with its little past, and tries in vain to pierce the shadows that rest upon the future. The great depth of heaven seems to lift me toward it, but hands of love and sweet voices draw me back to the long-gone days of youth. I must go with them.

May's face is before me—the bright, happy face, not the shadow that came after—and with the face the strange life it led passes, scene by scene, to the end. I will tell the story; but not all. The reader must fill it for himself.

Mary May loved Frederick Waterton. She was beautiful and rich, he was noble and poor. They sat together by Clear Spring, playing with the pebbles. His arm was around her, and she rested on his shoulder.

"And so your father has come for you?" said the young farmer. "You have grown up since he has been away—you're a woman now. You say he spoke about me—what did he say?"

An expression of pain ran over her face as he spoke, and she smiled without speaking.

"What did he say?" he repeated, looking curiously at her face. "Are you willing to tell me?"

"Yes, yes! You shall hear it," she said, clenching her little hand tightly. "You must hear it sooner or later. He asked me if—"

"Why do you stop?" he asked, laughing at her blushes.

"If I loved you!" she said; and now her voice was firm.

"And what did you answer?"

"I told him the truth—that I did love you with all my soul!"

"And he? what did he say?" cried Waterton, eagerly.

"He said nothing then; he only kissed me, and went out without saying a word. Now, don't interrupt me! Hear it all! I did not see him until this morning. He came into my room and talked for more than an hour with me. He said—" She stopped, suddenly, and burst into tears.

"Never mind what he said," he murmured, trying to soothe her.

She opened her lips to speak, when sound of a rustling on the path above caused both to look up, and, at the instant, her father stood before them. The two rose to their feet, blushing, and ill at ease. Mr. May had but lately returned from Europe, where he had been for several years. During his absence his daughter had grown from girlhood into womanhood. He was old and passionate, and this case of pastoral love was shocking to his aristocratic ideas, and galling to his proud blood. At the sight of his daughter in the arms of the farmer all his anger blazed furiously. With a rapid movement he tore her from the young man's embrace, then knocked him down with his cane, and, half dragging, half carrying her, he hurried from the place.

When Waterton rose, somewhat stunned by the blow, they were gone. He staggered to his feet, and leaned against the edge of the precipice. Passing his hand across his eyes, as if to clear his vision, he threw hot, scalding tears on the hard, impenetrable stone. He was no longer young; the world looked old to him; the hand of sorrow had withered his fresh, young life as with the touch of frost. He leaned against the cliff, looking over across the ravine at the rocky wall beyond. The morning grew into noon, and the sun from mid-heaven glared down upon him; the noon faded into slanting light, and the rays, falling on the open lawns, left the forest in deep shadow; and he moved then as if to go. The sun, sinking to the edge of the horizon, shone through the vistas of the trees like the gleam of a golden sea, and for a moment threw a sudden flood of radiant glory into the leafy depths, as if it lifted waves of light toward heaven; then sank. Slowly, like one moved by a will not his own, Waterton left the place, and, taking the rocky path, went toward home.

Mr. May transplanted his daughter to the hot-house of the town. Spring passed, and the lovers did not see each other. Summer went by, and seemed to mock the young farmer with its rich abundance. He could discover nothing as to the whereabouts of Mary; and he sat in blank despair, facing his destiny. He had received a note from Mr. May, apologizing for the rough way in which he had treated him, but telling him to give up all thought of marrying May, as it was utterly impossible. May's silence led Waterton to think that she agreed with her father; and he grew reckless. He neglected his farm, and it was rapidly going to ruin. He appeared to imagine the whole world leagued against him, and had become morose and bitter even to his friends. Such was the state of things when I received information that, on the coming Christmas-eve, Mary May was to be married to a French gentleman of high standing in society, and the possessor of great wealth. I had been waiting for something startling like this, in hopes that it might rouse Waterton from his stupid melancholy, and create some longing for action. At all hazards I determined to try it. Under some pretext, after much trouble, I persuaded him to accompany me to the city, and when there I broke the terrible news to him. He must have felt it acutely; but though his face worked convulsively, yet his voice was cold and hard. I began to fear for his reason.

We reached the church, and took our station in the vestibule. He had promised me that he would do nothing to interrupt the ceremony, but in the same strange tone; and I feared some outbreak. The church clock struck nine as the bridal procession entered. He saw it first, and grasped my arm with a clasp that made me wince from pain. May came last, with the groom. She was dressed entirely in white, and her face was colorless as alabaster. All white but the raven hair, her beauty seemed unearthly. No blush, no expression, no thought flitted over her pale face. Her brow, her eyes, her lips, all calm with the fixedness of despair—motionless as in a trance of death. She passed on into the church, up the long aisle; her vail trailed across his feet as she went by. The music had begun—for the groom was of the Catholic faith, and high mass was to be sung. We moved in with the crowd; but I did not venture to take Waterton far from the door, and was glad to see that he did not wish it. Leaning against a pillar, he stood looking at May as she knelt amidst the lights before the high altar. The ceremony was long, but he watched May to the end, not once lifting his eyes from her. As a man half conscious of a dream he waited to see the issue. She turned; she was the wife of the Frenchman! She came down the aisle. I grew unaccountably nervous. I was watching Waterton. He grew paler and paler, until the pallor of his face was corpselike. I took him by the arm and tried to drag him away, but he grasped my wrist and held me powerless. She approached; and when she was close to us he made some motion, and she raised her eyes. She saw Waterton. Dropping her husband's arm, she stopped, as if checked by an unseen power. Her cold, passionless features flushed radiant with joy; her eyes dilated; her lips parted as if she wished to speak; and she stretched out her hands toward him. He was moving toward her; but suddenly her countenance changed, and worked with convulsive agony. She motioned him away; then, with a low wail, fell back into her husband's arms. As her head sank on her breast an orange-blossom was shaken from her bridal wreath, and fell near Waterton's feet. He seized it, and, before I could turn, was gone.

A bruised flower from her bridal wreath; it was his Christmas gift, flung to him by the cold metallic hand of Mammon!

GIFT THE SECOND.

Fred Waterton was alone in his own home in the city; the evidences of luxurious ease were numerous in the room where he sat. He had gold enough then, which years of incessant toil had won; streaks of gray among the chestnut locks, and splendid mirrors to show them; the young farmer, frank and awkward, had become a polished gentleman, Mr. Waterton the banker. Fifteen years of unwearied labor lay between him and the night when *she* was married, but they could not shadow the splendid misery, the awful mockery of that wedding. The gold to which Mr. May had wedded his daughter was Catholic, and high mass sanctified the unholy union; what matter if the trembling soul were crushed beneath the dazzling weight of jewels! Ambitious fathers, plotting mothers, see to it lest these capital matches kindle hell flames whose lurid glare shall cover with red gloom the soul's Hereafter!

The banker sat alone in his library; it was his birth-night, the anniversary of all the evil that darkened his life—it was Christmas-eve. As he sat watching the fire bitter thoughts rose in his mind and darkened his face. "Gold! gold!" he muttered, through his clenched teeth; "had it not been for cursed gold she might be with me now, close against my heart!" The sound of distant laughter rang faintly through the hall, and his face lighted up. This banker was eccentric, for on every Christmas-eve he gave a dinner to three beggars, and he would have them old; none under sixty years sat there; always old, and always three, and never the same. Three letters spelled May's name, but their frosty heads symbolized winter; he was eccentric, and the connection which he made between these old men and his lost love was in his own brain. At the sound of the laughter he rose, and, drawing aside a curtain which concealed a door, he shoved a panel and looked in at the dinner. The beggars were merry over the wine; the old fellow near the door must have been nearly eighty, and he was standing, giving a toast: the banker caught his closing—"And when the worms are creeping through our white hairs, and the damp sod is over us, may bright, happy children gather round *him*, and lay their little faces close against his, and laugh away his sorrow. And when—" he closed the panel, and threw himself upon the lounge, and lay groaning with agony. The old man's wish had shown the banker the desolation that brooded over his future; his life was barren solitude stretching on toward death. Gradually the burst of passion passed away, and he began to talk to himself in a half-dreamy way, "Why do the ashes fall that way? A castle—no, a church—and the mounds are gray as if with moonlight! Graves! Merciful Heaven! May is not dead! And if she be, she is at rest, and her spirit is about me now! The immortal world is a renewal of youth, a life of love! Hark! what a wail is on the wind to night; again, the same sound!"

He had started to his feet, and stood listening. Again it came, the same sound, murmuring through the house, low, mournful, wild, like the wail of a lost child. He went to the window and looked out on the night. The sky was covered with huge drifting, snow-white clouds, which opened here and there, showing the deep blue depths beyond studded with stars gleaming like diamonds in the sea. Again the same sound; and this time it was clear and distinct. He entered the hall; it was there, and came from the door which opened on the street. He was at the place in a moment, and as he turned the knob a strange and unaccountable fear seized him. Fred Waterton was no coward; but he was white with terror then. Close at his feet lay a human figure, in woman's clothing, rocking to and fro as if through agony. He waited, but the figure seemed not to see him or know his presence. He spoke to it, softly and kindly, but there was no answer, only the moaning and the piteous movement of pain. He stooped down and touched it, and then the woman—for it seemed such—started, half rose to her feet, and fell back again. He put his arms under her, and, lifting the ragged agony, carried her in and laid her down before his fire. It was a strange action for a banker to do, but he did it. There was no struggle, no movement, only a drawing up of her limbs as the bright flame flickered over her face, quite purple from cold. He tore off her miserable shoes, he chafed her feet and hands, he applied brandy to her temples and lips; he warmed her back to life, until she sat staring in wonder at him. She had a strange face, old and yet young, as if starvation had shriveled its youth and stamped it with the decay of age. Long black hair hung in tangled curls about it, and the deep sunken eyes were lit with an unnatural brightness. The features were regular and perfect in outline. He saw that she had been beautiful.

"Where am I?" she said, faintly, rising as she spoke. "You are very kind: I was so cold and hungry."

He had been studying her face, and the sound of her voice seemed to confirm a horrible fear that had risen in him; seizing her by the arm, he led her under the gaslight.

"In Heaven's name who are you, woman, girl? Speak!" he shouted, as the bright glare fell on her face. "Why are you here? Speak!"

"I am May Destin!" she answered, trembling at his fixed look. "I don't know why I am here, nor how I came."

"Woman, you lie!" he said, fiercely. "It's a trick you're playing! May Destin! Who gave you the name?"

"Mother gave it to me," said the girl, and her voice trembled with emotion. "Why should I lie about my name? Why do you look at me so? Let me go from here; let me go beg!"

"Your mother? Who—where is she?" he stammered, pale as death.

"I don't know," said the girl, and big tears rolled down her cheeks; "I was ten years old when father brought me here: we left mother at home."

"Home, what home?" cried the banker. "Where?"

"France, Paris," answered the girl, wondering at his questions.

"Your father, where is he?" said the banker, fixing his eyes on hers. "Where is he now?"

"I don't know," said the girl. "Four years ago I lost him in a crowd; I've never found him since. I have given up now."

"Do you speak truth?" said the banker; but the tone of melancholy hopelessness in which she spoke was too natural to be feigned. "Yes, I believe you," he went on, "for you have her hair, her eyes, her mouth, her face, her smile. You are her likeness, and you shall never be cold again while I have fire, or money to buy it."

"Like my mother?" said the girl, and her face lit up with a flash, as May's did in the old days. "You knew her? Who are you? Heaven bless you for your kindness to me, poor lost one! Let me go now!"

"Never away from here!" said the banker, drawing the beggar to his breast to hide the hot tears that blinded his sight. "Never away from me, May: together we'll find *her*. I'll give you to *her*, to no one else. I'll give back to May her lost child."

"I—I—" murmured the girl; but the words died in a sigh, and she swooned in his arms.—And as she fell forward a locket dropped from her bosom. He took it to the light, and—merciful Heaven! it was hers—*her* miniature—the face of May! The face of May, a Christmas present richer than the Indies, brought to the banker by the frozen beggar!

GIFT THE THIRD.

As soon as his business would allow him the banker sailed with May's daughter for Europe. He longed to see the idol of his youth, and to be the means of adding joy to the heart that had been his life-long love. The long years that had passed since they plighted the troth that others broke so ruthlessly, the wear of time had not dimmed that bright picture, and never could. He waited with glad impatience for the meeting, and yet sorrow mingled with his thoughts, for the meeting would be only a fresh parting. But he might have spared himself the trouble, for May was not to be found. He searched Paris through and through, and she was not found. The police were set on foot, but they could not discover her. A longer stay was useless, and his business would not permit it. Disappointed and angry with himself, he was obliged to return, taking May Destin with him. He gave over the search, despairing of success.

Summer had passed, autumn had come and was nearly over before he gained a clew to May's existence. On an evening late in November the banker was called upon by a medical friend who had been his playmate in boyhood. The doctor came to say that he had been called to attend to a patient laboring under an attack of delirium tremens, that he had found the man quite insane, that he was a Frenchman, and in his ravings had several times mentioned the banker's name with curses coupled with that of May. The doctor said he felt convinced the Frenchman was the man who had married her. Without further words the banker went with him. They entered the patient's room together. The madman lay on his back, utterly helpless. At first he was somewhat calm, and the banker saw what a miserable wreck debauchery had made the victim before him. He did not seem to notice their entrance, but suddenly became conscious of their presence, and uttering a horrible oath, he rose on his knees in bed; and though not more than forty, he seemed more than fifty, for his hair was prematurely thin and gray, and his forehead wrinkled as if with age. Without sufficient strength to rise from the bed, on which he soon fell back, he muttered incoherent ravings, in which his past life was laid bare to his hearers. From these disconnected glimpses the banker learned that the Frenchman had purposely deserted his child in the streets of New York, and had abandoned his wife at Cologne: that May was in all probability living there, if any where. The scenes of debauchery and crime which the miserable man made known in his madness were too shocking to be told here. On that night he died.

The banker saw him buried, and on the next day started for Europe. He was alone now. He had left her child, his adopted daughter, with a friend; for he wished to meet May alone. The Frenchman was dead, he himself was rich, and she was still the same May to him. His life had now but one object, to find her; but one hope, to call her his own. Through the long days and nights at sea the hope now kindled in him grew until it filled his soul with glorious light. Shine on, O stars, and cheer the noble heart to his end! Leap, O waves, in your mad play, and lift him onward nearer his destiny! Gird him with thy sublime strength, O faith, for God is at the helm! The swift winds have borne him to the haven; crowds fill the wharf, and the far-traveled are at home again. The face he seeks is not in the jubilant multitude; her hand does not clasp his; her eye does not welcome him; and he sees not the waving flags. A band are playing delicious melodies; but he is longing for her voice, and he can not hear the music. The man has grown young again. He has forgotten the lessons of relentless experience, and dreams that the pictures drawn by Hope are real. What matter if the heavens are blue, and the silver shining river rolls like a horn of plenty through the waving meadows, while high on the brows of hills stand the ruined castles, moss-grown memorials of a former greatness? His eye is waiting for her presence, and is blind to all else. Blessed gift from Heaven, immortal Love, thou comest a vision of bliss to the despairing, thou liftest the weary as with angel wings, thou treadest the banks of Death, making the dark river a path of light!

Again it is Christmas-eve, and the town of Cologne is boisterous with mirth; the shops are decked with greens, and the streets are filled with merry people singing songs. The great cathedral is open, and high mass is being sung. Two blocks away from the cathedral, in a by-street, stands a row of old-fashioned houses; in the fifth story of the last house the back room is quiet and lit only by the moon, which, being in the full, throws a clear radiance in on the darkness. A chair, a table, and a bed, and the furniture is all told. The hubbub and noise have not reached this narrow street, for the beggars, who occupy the buildings, have gone away to-night: Christmas-eve is a money-making time with them. The hum of the city comes up dull and distant, broken now and then by the window-sash rattling in the wind. There is a woman on the bed, and in the stillness you can hear her heavy breathing, and at intervals a sharp, gasping moan; the air is cold, and she has no covering over the straw on which she is lying. On the table, in a broken plate, are some crumbs of bread, and they look dry and covered with dust in the moonlight. Oh hands to help, find the way soon! Oh ye feet of Love, be quick; you have no time to waste, for the night wanes! Ye hearts round Christmas fires, come out in charity to-night and warm the freezing poor! Gather fragments from your loaded tables and feed the starving! So when these shall fail they shall receive you into heavenly mansions!

Quietly the moon-beams are creeping from the table to the bed, and across the sheeny stillness the cathedral chimes float in clear and liquid music. Hark! some one is in the house coming up the stairs and looking in at the different rooms: the steps approach, the door opens, and Waterton enters. Stepping softly to the bed he turns the light of his lantern full on the face of the sleeping woman and staggers back: the change in her well-known features was too terrible in its dumb eloquence of sorrow and pain and dead hope. Stooping, while the hot, blinding tears ran down his cheeks, he reverently kissed her forehead: it was cold as ice. A horrible fear seized him, and he caught her by the hand, calling "May, May! wake up! I am here! Your own Fred come to save you!" and he half lifted her from the bed. The action roused her: she opened her eyes and looked around with a bewildered stare, until meeting his face, with a sudden bound she leaped to her feet. They stood before each other. Her face was haggard from want, but now it was luminous with sudden joy; her lips moved as if to speak his name; she stretched out her arms toward him, staggered, and fell into his embrace. One long sigh upon his lips, a radiant smile, a stiffening of the limbs, and the agony of life was over. She died there, and when he had laid her on the bed the moon-beams rested like a halo around her marble brow, as if nature strove to make her saint whom man had cursed! The struggle is over: she hath entered into rest: there is no match-making in heaven.

My friend Fred Waterton still lives; but I know he counts the days that keep him from her. The beggars who now eat at his table are nearer his own age. But the years are rolling, and I know she is waiting beyond the river for his coming: together they will go in through the gates into the city whose bells cease not ringing day nor night.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

A MORNING CALL.

The days pass, and Time steals away youth, health, beauty, and riches: the days pass, and Time brings disease, decay, change, and poverty, and it is all like the silent, expected, unobtrusive passage of the seasons; gusty April melting into serene June: golden, ripe September into sharp, stripped December. There goes a man smiling down the street, grateful, happy. Fifteen years ago he buried his wife and thought he had screwed down his heart in her coffin. The rose-lips he pressed are dust, and just now other rose-lips have breathed the word that makes him happy. Fifty years ago this blooming woman was a blushing girl, clinging to the side of the proud, manly youth her lover. Who is this, with bowed head and vacant eye, whom the blooming wife supports? From that pride of youth to this weakness of age, how, without a shock, every thing has moved on! Time steals our youth, but we do not suspect the theft. Time cuts wrinkles in the face, and turns the brown hair gray—we all know he is at work, but no one sees him, no one feels him.

Hope Wayne was vaguely conscious of such thoughts, looking at herself as if she were somebody else. But a new element had forced itself into her life, and that was the fate of Abel Newt. There was something startling in the direct, passionate, personal appeal he had made to her. So Hope put on her bonnet and furs, for it was wintry, it was Christmas time, and she passed the Bowery into the small narrow street where the smell of the sewer was the chief odor, and the few miserable trees cooped up in perforated boxes had at last been released from suffering, and were placidly, rigidly dead.

The sloppy servant girl was standing upon the area-steps with her apron over her head, and blowing her huge red fingers, staring at every thing, and apparently stunned when Hope Wayne stopped and went up the steps. She rang, and entered the little parlor and seated herself upon the hair-cloth sofa. Her heart ached with the dreariness of the house, but while she was resolving that she would certainly raise her secret allowance to her Cousin Alfred, whether her good friend Lawrence Newt approved of it or not, she saw that the dreariness was not in the small room or the hair-sofa nor the two lamps with glass drops upon the mantle, but in a want of cheerfulness, in the lack of that indescribable touch of feminine taste, and tact, and tenderness, which create comfort and grace wherever it moves, and makes the most desolate chambers to blossom with cheerfulness. Hope felt as she glanced around her that money could not buy what was wanting.

Mrs. Alfred Dinks presently entered. Hope Wayne had rarely met her since the season at Saratoga when Fanny had captured her prize. She saw that the black-eyed, clever, resolute girl of those days had grown larger and more pulpy, and was wrapped in a dingy morning wrapper. Her hair was not smooth, her hands were not especially clean; she had that dull carelessness, or unconsciousness of personal appearance, which seemed to Hope only the parlor aspect of the dowdiness that had run entirely to seed in the sloppy servant girl upon the area-steps.

Hope Wayne put out her hand, which Fanny listlessly took. There was nothing very hard, or ferocious, or defiant in her manner as Hope had expected—there was only a weariness and indifference, as if she had been worsted in some kind of struggle. She did not even seem to be excited by seeing Hope Wayne in her house. Fanny Dinks said, "Good-morning," and then sat quietly upon the sofa, as if she had said every thing she had to say.

"I came to ask you if you know any thing about Abel?" said Hope.

"No; nothing in particular," replied Fanny, "I believe he's going to Congress—but I never see him or hear of him."

"Doesn't Alfred see him?"

"He used to meet him at Thiel's; but Alfred doesn't go there much now. It's too fine for poor gentlemen. I remember some time ago I saw he had a black eye, and he said that he and my 'd— brother Abel,' as he elegantly expressed it, had met somewhere the night before, and Abel was drunk and gave him the lie, and they fought it out. I think, by-the-way, that's the last I've heard of brother Abel."

There was a slight touch of the old manner in the tone with which Fanny ended her remark; after which she relapsed into the previous half-apathetic condition.

"Fanny, I wish I could do something for Abel."

Fanny Dinks looked at Hope Wayne with an incredulous smile, and said,

"I thought once you would marry him; and so did he, I fancy."

"What does he do? and how can I reach him?" asked Hope, entirely disregarding Fanny's remark.

"He lives at the old place in Grand Street, I believe; the Lord knows how; I'm sure I don't. I suppose he gambles when he isn't drunk."

"But about Congress?" inquired Hope.

"I don't know any thing about that. Abel and father used to say that no gentleman would ever have any thing to do with politics; so I never heard any thing, and I'm sure I don't know what he's going to do."

Fanny evidently supposed her last remark would end the conversation. Not that she wished to end it—not that she was sorry to see Hope Wayne again and to talk with her—not that she wanted or cared for any thing in particular, no, not even for her lord and master, who burst into the room with an oath, as usual, and with his small, swinish eyes, heavy with excess.

The master of the house was evidently just up. He wore a dirty morning-gown, and slippers down at the heel, displaying his dirty stockings. He came in yawning and squeezing his eyes together.

"Why the h— don't that slut have my coffee ready?" he said to his wife, who paid no more attention to him than to the lamp on the mantle, but, on the contrary, appeared to Hope to be a little more indifferent than before.

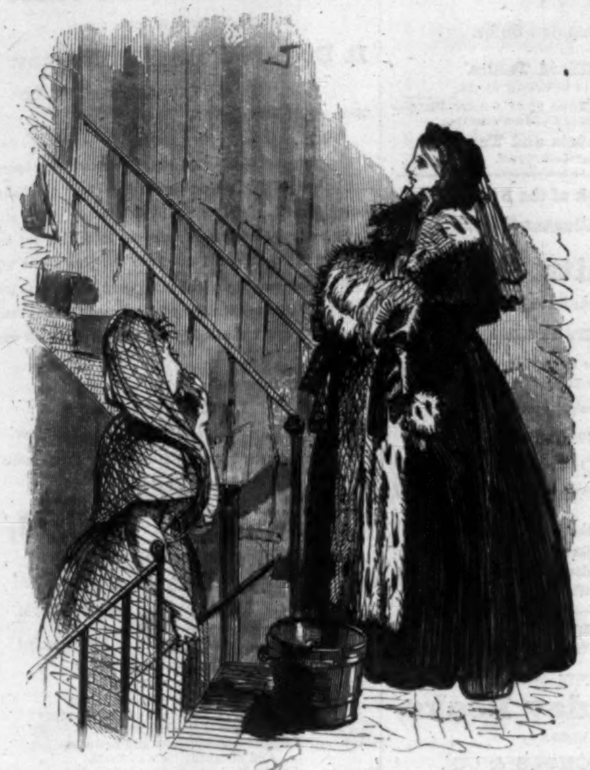
"I say, why the h—" Mr. Dinks began again, and had advanced so far when he suddenly saw his cousin.

"Hallo! what are you doing here?" he said to her abruptly, and in the half-sycophantic, half-bullying tone that indicates the feeling of such a man toward a person to whom he is under immense obligation. Alfred Dinks's real feeling was that Hope Wayne ought to give him a much larger allowance.

"I want to find out something about Abel Newt."

"What, you don't want to marry him, do you?" and Alfred laughed loud and coarsely at his wit.

"I want to help him if I can," said Hope.



AT FANNY'S DOOR.

Alfred's eyes grew more sodden and sullen. He had a feeling that whatever money Hope gave to other people was just so much taken from him.

"Come, come," said he, "charity begins at home. What are you going outside of your relations for?"

Hope Wayne was inexpressibly disgusted; but she found an excitement in encountering this boorishness, which served to stimulate her in the struggle going on in her own soul. And she very soon understood how the sharp, sparkling, audacious Fanny Newt had become the inert, indifferent woman before her. A clever villain might have developed her, through admiration and sympathy, into villainy; but a dull, heavy brute merely crushed her. There is a spur in the prick of a rapier; only stupidity follows the blow of a club.

After sitting silently for some minutes, during which Alfred Dinks sprawled in a chair, and yawned, and whistled insolently to himself, while Fanny sat without looking at him, as if she were deaf and dumb, Hope Wayne said to the husband and wife:

"Abel Newt is ruining himself, and he may harm other people. If there is any kind of assistance, or sympathy, of advice, or remonstrance, or warning—if there is any thing that can be done to save him we ought to do it. Fanny, he is your own flesh and blood. Have you no pity, no feeling?"

She spoke with a kind of despairing earnestness, for Hope herself felt how useless every thing would probably be. But when she had ended Alfred broke out into uproarious laughter:

"Ho! ho! ho! Ho! ho! ho!"

He made such a noise that even his wife looked at him with almost a glance of contempt.

"Save Abel Newt!" cried he. "Regenerate the Devil! Yes, yes; let's send him some tracts! Ho! ho! ho!"

And he roared again until the water oozed from his eyes.

"Well, that is the best joke I've ever heard; Cousin Hope, you shall have the leather medal."

Hope Wayne scarcely looked at him. She rose to go; but it seemed to her pitiful to leave Fanny Newt in such utter desolation of soul and body, in which she seemed to be gradually sinking into idiocy. She went to Fanny and took her hand. Fanny listlessly rose, and when Hope had done shaking hands Fanny crossed them before her inanely, but in an unconsciously appealing attitude, which Hope saw and felt. Alfred still sprawled in his chair, laughing at intervals; and Hope left the room, followed by Fanny, who shuffled after her, her slippers, evidently down at the heel, pattering on the worn oil-cloth in the entry as she shambled toward the front door. Hope opened it. The morning was pleasant, though cool, and the air refreshing after the mingled grease and old tobacco-smoke odor of the house.

As they passed out Fanny quietly sat down upon the step, leaned her chin upon one hand, and looked up and down the street, which, it seemed to Hope, offered a prospect that would hardly enliven her mind. There was something more touching to Hope in this dull apathy than in the most positive grief.

"Fanny Newt!" she said to her, suddenly.

Fanny lifted her lazy eyes.

"If I can do nothing for your brother, can I do nothing for you? Or, rather, can you do nothing for yourself? You will rust out, Fanny. You will sink into perfect inanity, if you don't take care."

Fanny smiled languidly.

"What if I do?" she answered.

"Why, Fanny, you are young; you are well, except this stagnation of soul and body; you might enjoy life as well as any body; and I really believe now, Fanny," said Hope, obeying the impulse, and relying upon her unconscious perception, "that we might be friends."

Fanny smiled in the same faint way, and pointed over her shoulder into the house with her thumb.

"Well, Fanny, Alfred only stupefies you, because you are shut up with him alone. I think you have been pretty well punished; and, after all, I don't think you are so much to blame as the people who made you what you were. Why, Fanny, I really believe your Aunt Dagon would be too much for the ten men who are enough to save a city. She'd corrupt them all, and let the city go to destruction. Do you ever see her now?"

Fanny for the first time looked interested.

"See Aunt Dagon, here?" — and she looked about her with an air that entirely satisfied Hope. "No, no," continued Fanny, "I've lost my game. It's no use."

"Of course 'tisn't any use if you fold your arms and slide on," said Hope. "If you're drowning and won't swim, you'll go to the bottom. But it would have been of use to swim. It's always of use to try, Fanny."

"Try what?" said Fanny, smiling again.

Thereupon Hope sat down by her, and told her just what she meant, and what she hoped, and what she would do if she would let her. And the eager young woman drew such pleasant pictures of what was yet possible to Fanny, although she was the wife of Alfred Dinks, that, as if the long-accumulating dust and ashes were blown away from her soul, and it began to kindle again in a friendly breath, Fanny felt herself moved and interested. She smiled, looked grave, and finally laid her head upon Hope's shoulder and cried good, honest tears of utter weariness and regret.

"And now," said Hope, "will you help me about Abel?"

But when Fanny began, and told Hope the story of Abel's life, as she had known it from the beginning—of the influences at home and the probable influences at school, of which Hope perhaps knew quite as much as Fanny—and did not hesitate to say, what she felt she knew, that Abel's interest in Hope had never been any thing but a speculation, Hope was conscious of a fresh blow, and began to believe with Hosea Wumley.

"I really don't see that you can do any thing," said Fanny, "nor any body else. Perhaps he'll get a new start in Congress, though I don't know any thing about it."

Hope Wayne shook her head, thoughtfully.

"No," she said, "I see no way. I can only be ready to befriend him if the chance offers."

They said no more of him then, but Hope persuaded Fanny to come to Lawrence Newt's Christmas dinner. "And I will make him understand about it," she said, as she went down the steps.

Mrs. Dinks sat upon the door-step for some time. There was nobody to see her whom she knew, and if there had been, she would not have cared. She did not know how long she had been sitting there, for she was thinking of other things, but she was roused by hearing her husband's voice:

"Well, by G—! that's a G— d— pretty business—squatting on a door-step like a servant girl! Come in, I tell you, and shut the door."

From long habit Fanny did not pay the least attention to this order. But after some time she rose and closed the door, and clattered along the entry and up stairs, upon the worn and ragged carpet. Mr. Alfred Dinks returned to the parlor, pulled the bell violently, and when the sloppy servant girl appeared, glaring at him with the staring eyes, he immediately damned them, and wanted to know why in h— he was kept waiting for his boots. The staring eyes vanished, and Mr. Dinks reclined upon the sofa, picking his teeth. Presently there was the slop—slop—slop of the girl along the entry. She opened the door, dropped the boots, and fled. Mr. Dinks immediately walked across the room a greater distance than to his boots, and pulled the bell violently. Slop—slop again. The door opened.

"Look here! If you don't bring me my boots, I'll come and pull the hair out of your head!" roared the master of the house.

The cowering little creature dashed at the boots with a woe-begone look, and brought them to the sofa. Mr. Dinks took them in his hand, and turned them round contemptuously.

"G—! You call those boots blacked?"

He scratched his head a moment, enjoying the undisguised terror of the puny girl.

"If you don't black 'em better—if you don't put a brighter shine on to 'em, I'll—I'll—I'll—put a shine on your face, you slut!"

The girl seemed to be all terrified eye as she looked at him, and then fled again, while he laughed.

"Ho! ho! ho! I'll teach 'em how—insolent curs! G— d— Paddies! What business have they coming over here? Ho! ho! ho!"

Leaving his slippers upon the parlor floor, Mr. Dinks mounted to his room, and changed his coat. He tried the door of his wife's room, as he passed out, and found it locked. He kicked it violently, and bawled,

"Good-morning, Mrs. Dinks! If Miss Wayne calls, tell her I've gone to tell Mr. Abel Newt that she repents, and wants to marry him; and I shall add that, having been through the wood, she picks up a stick at last. Ho! ho! ho! (Kick.) Good-morning, Mrs. Dinks!"

He went heavily down stairs and slammed the front door, and was gone for the day.

When they were first married, after the bitter conviction that there was really no hope of old Burt's wealth, Fanny Dinks had carried matters with a high hand, domineering by her superior cleverness, and with a superiority that stung and exasperated her husband at every turn. Her bitter temper had gradually entirely eaten away the superficial, stupid good-humor of his younger days; and her fury of disappointment, carried into the detail of life, had gradually confirmed him in all his worst habits and obliterated the possibility of better. But the sour, superior nature was, as usual, unequal to the struggle. At last, it spent itself in vain against the massive brutishness of opposition it had itself developed, and the reaction came, and now daily stunned her into hopeless apathy and abject indifference. Having lost the power of vexing, and beyond being really vexed by a being she so utterly despised as her husband, there was nothing left but pure passivity and inanition, into which she was rapidly declining.

Mr. Dinks kicked loudly and roared at the door, but Mrs. Dinks did not heed him. She was sitting in her dingy wrapper, rocking, and pondering upon the conversation of the morning—mechanically rocking, and thinking of the dinner at Uncle Lawrence's.

It was, perhaps, an hour after her husband had gone down town, and she still sat rocking and reflecting, when she heard a little tap at the door of her room.

This time she rose and opened it, and said,

"Good-morning, May," in a tone which was somehow different from usual, and yet May could not say how. It was only pleasanter, she knew. But when Fanny told her sister that she was going to Uncle Lawrence's dinner, May jumped up and down, and cried, "Good, good!" until Fanny was really pleased, and looked at her with her languid smile.

"It will be a change, any how," said Fanny, as if curious to lead her on.

"Good, good!" cried May, and jumped up and down again.

Fanny looked at her sister, and wondered if she were really as happy as she looked and acted.

She tried her.

"How is father, May?"

"Poor man; just the same. But you know Uncle Lawrence has taken a quiet little house for him and mother and me; and I think father seems more comfortable, somehow, since he is in it: but he isn't changed. Fanny, suppose that we hadn't had any Uncle Lawrence?"

Fanny saw that her sister's mind set inevitably toward the happy view, and said no more. But when May insisted upon dressing her hair for her, and upon finding a dress and a collar that were neither soiled nor torn, although it was a difficult task, Fanny did not object, and May staid and dined with her; and when Gabriel came for her in the evening, May made him take off his coat and chat and play a merry game at cards—in which May supplied the merriment—and although Gabriel was in his soul reluctant and, on the way home, asked May what he had done to be treated to such a penance as that, May said to him, gayly:

"Wouldn't you like to have a sister, Sir?" upon which the Junior partner felt somewhat bewildered, not precisely understanding; but as if to clear his mind stooped over toward his companion; and there was a little struggle; and just as they passed a lantern, May said:

"And right under that lantern, too, Sir; I am ashamed of you."

The reprobate Gabriel marched on as if he were not the least ashamed; but rather as if he were very proud and happy.

CHAP. LXXXIX.

A BENEDICTION.

Lawrence Newt was sitting in his office when Little Malacca, or Edward Wynne, as he was known beyond the Bennet family circle, brought him a note. He opened and read:

"My Dear Mr. Newt,—I want to see you as soon as you can conveniently call.
Your friend,
"Hope Wayne."

Lawrence Newt held it for a moment in his hand, and wondered what it meant. For what can she have to say to me just now? thought he.

It was a much simpler matter than he thought. Hope Wayne not only wanted to speak to him about Fanny's coming to the dinner, but she wished as soon as possible to restore the old familiar intimacy, and not to prolong any feeling of strangeness between them.

Lawrence Newt wrote in reply:

"My Dear Hope,—Certainly. As I come up to-night. L. N."

And as he went up he stopped. He had not been in the house since the morning he left it with the "Good-by, Mr. Newt!" ringing in his ears and in his soul. Hope heard him enter, as she sat alone in her room with the door open, waiting. She turned pale. For a moment the brave heart flagged, and covering her face, she gave way to a sudden, irresistible burst of weeping. Then she dried her eyes, loitered about the room until she was entirely composed, and then ran down.

Lawrence Newt heard her coming. They had met indeed at Amy Waring's; but it was a meeting before the eyes of others—a fact which sustained them both. He knew very well that the springing step he heard had once bounded with the bound of the heart at his coming; and he knew now that that heart was fully conscious of the secret which had for so long slept in his own. Lawrence Newt knew that Hope Wayne would meet him with a changed feeling, incredible to all but themselves. A changed feeling, but not less friendly; a feeling in which a kind of reverence and filial regard could not fail to be mingled.

And so it was. As she came down the stairs, though it was but a moment, the consciousness of the change swept across her mind. She was coming to see the man who had been her mother's lover—who might have been her father.

Lawrence Newt had turned into the library, and there waited for her. The fire was burning brightly. The chair in which he had last seen her in that room was standing in the same place. He remembered the golden head, the dewy cheeks, the earnest, womanly eyes—he started a little, for here they were again.

In a few moments every thing was settled. Hope Wayne told him all that she had seen, all that she felt and feared about Fanny, and then asked him about Abel.

Lawrence could answer little about the last. He told her all he knew; and his story of Abel completed Fanny's. As for the latter, Lawrence laughed, and said that he should kill the fattest calf in Fulton Market in honor of her return.

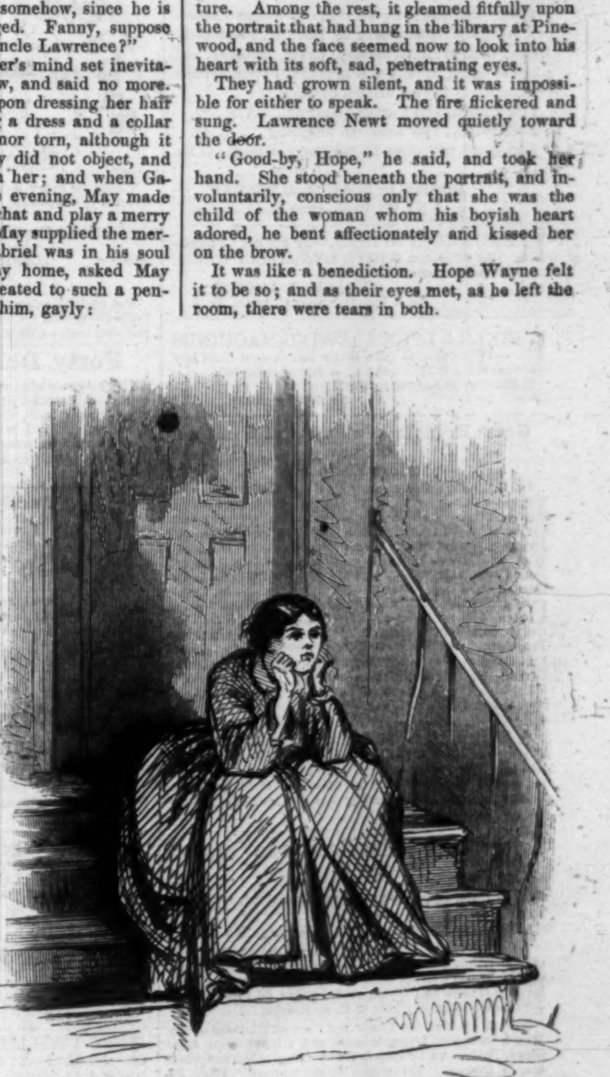
"At least, I hope it will be a return," he said, and smiled. "Alfred Dinks is a terribly heavy sinker; but we must all be the lightest corks we can, and float Fanny to shore."

It was already twilight, and the fire-light flashed upon them as they stood, and upon the pictures on the wall, the books, and the furniture. Among the rest, it gleamed fitfully upon the portrait that had hung in the library at Pinewood, and the face seemed now to look into his heart with its soft, sad, penetrating eyes.

They had grown silent, and it was impossible for either to speak. The fire flickered and sung. Lawrence Newt moved quietly toward the door.

"Good-by, Hope," he said, and took her hand. She stood beneath the portrait, and involuntarily, conscious only that she was the child of the woman whom his boyish heart adored, he bent affectionately and kissed her on the brow.

It was like a benediction. Hope Wayne felt it to be so; and as their eyes met, as he left the room, there were tears in both.



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